

No. 1.

CONTAINING
200 SONGS

WEHMAN'S

10-Cent

No. 1.

CONTAINING
200 SONGS

IRISH SONGSTER

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EILY MAVOURNEEN.

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Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me,
Fairer than ever in death's pallid hue;
Mortal thou art not, I humbly adore thee,
Yes, with a love which thou knowest is true.
Lookest thou in anger? ah! no, such a feeling
Ne'er in thy too gentle breast had a place;
Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,
Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.
Once would my heart with the wildest emotion
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;
Now I regard thee with deep, calm devotion,
Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.
Tho' in this world were so cruelly blighted
All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,
Soon in a holier region united,
Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part.

PADDY WHACK.

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Arrah! Paddy's my name, and a comeller lad,
Sure, never sung whack at the end of a song;
Then give me a buss, it will make my heart glad,
And I'll love and sing whack, honey, all the day long.

CHORUS.

Yes, whack, my dear; whack, whack, my dear whack;
Yes, whack, my dear; whack, all the day long,
Love and whack is the same in an Irishman's song.
Botheration, be aisy, I'm dying for love;
I can't sleep for grumbling out the old song;
I've a pain at me heart, yet that pain pleases me;
I love, dream and cry whack all the night long.—*Chorus.*
In the land of Kilkenny the lasses ran after me,
Plugging and teasing me all the day long;
And the good wives and widows were always a-teasing me
To play the last stave of my good Irish song.—*Chorus.*

NORAH AROON.

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Words and Music by O. DuBois.

A sweet little daisy grew down in the dell,
Near the old-fashioned cottage that we loved so well;
I watched as it budded into its full bloom;
'Twas meant for a gift to my Norah Aroon.
We soon would be wedded, my Norah and I;
Our cot was all fixed up so fine,
And I longed for the day when I'd call her my own,
Then I'd give her the daisy, my Norah Aroon.
But, alas! the sweet dream was ne'er to come true,
For one fateful day, which I've ne'er ceased to rue,
The dark rushing river took from me my bride,
My darling, my Norah, my life's hope and pride.
The stream kept its treasure; no more have we seen
Her fair face so loving and sweet.
The daisy I pinched and placed over my heart,
In mem'ry of Norah, sweet Norah Aroon.

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennan.

The scene is a court-house in Ireland,
Crowded from ceiling to floor
With gentles and commons, all come there to hear
The trial of young Barney Moore.
Now the charge 'gainst the stripling is treason,
—And the jury him guilty declare;
The judge is about a long sentence to pass,
When a colleen's voice rings thro' the air:

CHORUS.

"Don't send the cratur to prison, sorr; let justice to mercy yield;
His father is dead, for our Queen fought and bled on a foreign battle-field,
Don't let him break his young heart in jail for a crime he has never done;
Remember, his mother's a widow, and he is a widow's only son."

The judge stays the sentence a moment,
Looks at the colleen so fair,
He says, "Girl, it brings a sharp pang to my heart,
Refusing to grant you your prayer—
'Tis the laws of our country compel me,
And to jail I must send him to-day."
The shriek of the colleen rings thro' that old court,
As she murmurs while faluting away:—*Chorus.*

The piteous appeal of the colleen
Touches a man who stood there—
He cries out, "The pris'ner's not guilty, tho' I,
With others, against him did swear:
'Twas the plot of his rich, scheming rival—
See how he tries to slink from your view!
So, try me for perjury now, if you like,
But give justice where justice is due!"—*Chorus.*

DRINKING WITH DANIEL MALONEY.

Copyright, 1884, by Wm. J. McVey.

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You've heard of Dan Maloney, he's known both far and near;
He's ready to assist a friend with heart and hand sincere.
And though he's not a toper, he's ever light and gay;
When drinking with some old-time friends, you'll hear Maloney say:

CHORUS.

Here's to ye, boys, good luck and long life,
Here's to ye Charles and Owney,
Have the best on the bar, either wine or cigar,
When drinking with Daniel Maloney.

He's not inclined to Cluquot, or champagne, extra dry,
But like the solid man he is, he sticks to good old rye;
He'll pass a joke or sing a song all night till break of day,
And when the paring glass is filled, you'll hear Maloney say:—*Chorus.*
His heart and pocket's open to assist a fellow man;
No matter where you go you'll hear a word in praise of Dan;
He's upright and he's honest, with a conscience clear as day;
In rain or shine, where'er he's met, right heartily he'll say:—*Chorus.*

DAINTY GLADYS.

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Words and Music by Richard Stockton.

I know a dainty little maid, whose greatest joy in life
Is just to work and watch away, cares naught for pleasures rife.
Each evening to the theatre she goes, but not for fun,
And quietly homeward weeds her way after the play is done.

CHORUS.

Gladys, Gladys, dainty Gladys, eyes of chestnut hue,
Everybody loves you, because you are kind and true;
Gladys, Gladys, lovely Gladys, with your fairy smile,
Earth around me seems like heaven when you are there awhile.

Her gentle and her winsome ways ne'er failed to win a heart,
And every one who sees her play, has praises for her art.
True worth alone will tell at last—so, some bright day, I ween,
We'll see our dainty little lassie reigning as a queen.—*Chorus.*
Oh, darling, let these words of mine be murmured soft and low,
And let the essence of their prayer unto your altar go,
Oh, give me just one little word—yes, do, proud sweetheart, do,
And tell me that you do not mind me saying "I love you."—*Chorus.*

A PLAIN LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

We've heard very often in story and song
Of girls who were ideal beauties:
There's one little girl whom I know is not so,
But she always attends to her duties;
With her old widowed mother she lives near town,
In a home that is happy, without a frown;
And when on a Sunday she's walking with me,
Dressed up in her best, she's a pleasure to see.

REFRAIN.

She's only a plain little Irish girl, who faithfully toils for her mother;
I'm going to win this precious pearl, for I know she loves no other;
No less have I seen like this little colleen, my brain she has set in a whirl;
Like the stars up above her, I treasure and love her, this plain little Irish girl.

Of course, when we're married we'll have our own home;
'Twill always be bright and merry;
I know it will be just like Eden for me,
With a helpmate that's never contrary;
And a nice little fortune I'll lay away,
So we're always prepared for a rainy day;
And after our wedding there's none who can blame
If we take our Sunday excursion the same.—*Refrain.*

BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS.

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There's a little green spray that on meadow or brae
Is kissed by the dew morn and eve,
And the sun from above throws a smile full of love
On this cluster of Emerald leaves:
'Tis the symbol of Erin's sweet spot in the sea,
And no flower more rare e'er was seen
Than grows on its stem—"tis my own precious gem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.

CHORUS.

'Tis the shamrock so green, the shamrock so green,
No flower more rare e'er was seen
Than grows on its stem—"tis my own precious gem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.
Good fortune is found in the blessings that's 'round
This dear little treasure so fair,
In the famed days of old each warrior bold,
A charm in virtue so rare,
And still, dew-kissed, it peeps from bog or brake,
Bewitched more rich than a queen,
The dear little gem on its triple-branched stem,
"Bunch of Shamrocks," so fragrant and green.—*Chorus.*

THE IRISH GIRL.

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One evening, as I strayed down the river's side,
Looking all around me as an Irish girl I spied;
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And costly were the robes which my Irish girl did wear.
Her shoes of Spanish leather were bound round with spangles gay,
The tears came down her crystal eyes, and she began to say:
O'hone, and alas! ashore areen machree,
Why should you go and leave me, and slight your own Molly?

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very bad—
All the request I asked was that she might tie my head;
I asked her if one as bad as me could ever mend again,
For love's a sore disorder—did you ever feel the pain?
My love she'll not come nigh me for all the moan I make,
Nor neither will she pity me if my poor heart should break;
But was I of some noble blood and shie of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation and come and pity me.

My only love is fairer than the lilies that do grow,
She has a voice that's clearer than any winds that blow;
She's the promise of this country, like Venus in the air,
And let her go where'er she will, she's my joy and only fear.
Be it so, or be it not, of her I take my chance,
The first time that I saw my love she struck me in a trance,
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me,
That were I king of Ireland, queen of it she should be.

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin
Appeared on the cliffs of the bleak, rocky shore;
Loose in the wind flowed her dark, streaming ringlets,
And heedless she gazed on the dread surge's roar.
Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing,
The time passed away with the present comparing,
And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet no more.

Oh, Erin, my country, your glory's departed,
For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core;
Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction,
Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in their gore.
Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets forsaken,
From pale, hungry orphans their last morsel have taken;
The screams of thy females no pity awaken,
Alas! my poor country, your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the poor;
To relieve their hard sufferings he braved every danger,
The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
Even before him the proud titled villains in power
Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower;
But, alas! he is gone, he has fallen, a young flower,
They have murdered my Emmet, my Emmet's no more.

THE IRISH COLLEEN.

Show me a sight bates for delight
An old Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no! nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.
Look at her there—nigh in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
Faix, an' a foot, perfect in cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.
That there's a sight bates for delight
An old Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it,
Oh, no! nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.
See the lamb's wool turn coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her;
Down goes her heel, roinn' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.
Talk of Three Fates, seated on aces,
Spinnin' an' shearin' away till they've done for me;
You may want three for your massacre,
But one fate for me, boys, an' only the one for me;
An' isn't that fate pictured complete—
An old Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh, no! nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

KATE O'BRIEN.

Perhaps you don't know there's a sweet little stream
Far down in a dell where a poet might dream;
A nate little cabin stands close to the tide,
And, och, such a jewel is shining inside.
I don't mean a jewel that money can buy,
But a warm-hearted creature, with love in her eye;
You'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she
From Ballinacraay to Donaghadee.
Her name is O'Brien, they christened her Kate,
There's many a beauty has shared the same fate;
But never a one, to my thinking, I've seen
So lovely, so trim, as my bright-eyed colleen.
Her face is a picture for limners to paint,
Her figure might serve for a heart-winning saint.
Oh, you'll not find a beauty, etc.
Her hair it is smooth as the raven's own black,
But the bonniest bird has not tresses so black;
And they curl 'round a neck that might rival the snow,
With the grace of a swan on the waters below.
Her mouth—oh, what music I've heard from that same,
Her breath it might put the sweet roses to shame.
Oh, you'll not find a beauty, etc.

AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

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Don't call me weak-minded, perchance I should sing
Of the dearest old spot upon earth;
And don't think I'm foolish should memory bring
To my mind the dear land of my birth.
With its hills and its valleys, its mountains and vales,
Of which our forefathers would boast:
Of a dear little island all covered with green—
Ahl but list' and I'll give you an Irishman's toast:

CHORUS.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each boy and his darling colleen;
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
May God, speed old Ireland—that's an Irishman's toast.

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
Where it stood by the murmuring rill;
Where my playmates and I oft together did roam
Through the castle that stood on the hill.
But the stont hand of time has destroyed the old cot,
And the farm now lies barren and bare;
Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
But the birds seem to warble this toast in the air:—Chorus.
The church and the school-house have long been replaced,
In the Harp Hotel dwells a new host;
The white-haired old veteran has long been at rest,
And his wife has deserted her post.
King Death, the stern reaper, has called them away,
And their children have gone o'er the seas;
There is nothing but strangers around the old spot,
Still this toast seems to waft to my ears on the breeze.—Chorus.

DEAR LITTLE COLLEEN.

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Soon you'll be sailing o'er the wide ocean,
Leaving old Erin to see it no more,
Tears that are falling speak my devotion,
Dear little colleen, 'tis you I adore.
Oh! bring me, my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper, dear colleen, of home unto me.

CHORUS.

Oh! bring me, my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper, dear colleen, of home unto me.

Weary, I've waited, 'most broken-hearted,
Dreaming of days when we strayed side by side;
Life has been lonely since we were parted,
Dear little colleen, my treasure and pride.
Oh! bring me, my darling, to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper, dear colleen, of home unto me.—Chorus.

THE PRIDE OF MAYO.

I am thinking to-night of my own little darling,
And I know that she is also a-thinking of me;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing
Back to that emerald isle of the sea.
To that little thatched cabin, the home of my boyhood;
I wished it was morn, for I long for to go
To see my old father and loving old mother,
And my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

CHORUS.

I know that she is patiently awaiting my coming,
I think of my darling wherever I go;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing
To my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

I will never forget the day that we parted—
I tried to be cheerful, but it was a hard thing;
When my own little darling says, fare thee well, Barney!
And placed on my finger this little gold ring.
The ship was made ready and soon would be starting,
I bid her good-by, for I had for to go;
As I kissed her and parted I felt so down-hearted,
At leaving my Mary, the pride of Mayo.—Chorus.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

'Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a siren of old, who sung under the eae,
And who often at eve through the bright waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.
But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this harp the sea-maiden's form.
Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.
Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
'Till thou didst divide them and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

THE MAN THAT STRUCK O'HARA.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Last night to Dan O'Hara's house a lot of good boys went;
We had a splendid supper and a pleasant time we spent,
But in every company there's a fool, who makes a lot of fuss
And upsets all the harmony—twins just the same with us.

CHORUS.

First we mopped the floor with him, dragged him up and down the stairs,
Then we had another go under tables, over chairs;
Such a sight you never saw—before he'd time to say his prayers,
Rags and bones were all we left of the man who struck O'Hara.

You never saw such value, boys, there never was such fun;
He wanted to apologize before we'd half begun;
We wanted no apology, for that would do no good,
But to wipe out that gross insult, we meant to have his blood.—Chorus.

At first we played with him like a cat will with a mouse,
We chased him in the corners, and, in fact, all round the house;
He shouted mercy and police, it's time that you were done—
But when he shouted murder! oh, 'twas then we had the fun.—Chorus.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

Ye daughters of old Ireland, these lines to you I write,
Concerning your true lovers, who have volunteered to fight
For their country's standard, to face their rebel peers;
Its pretty dame will see again our Irish volunteers.

The worthy son of liberty, who's got the heart to go
To sustain his country's dignity and face the rebel foe;
He's worthy of a lady's love, we'll call them our dears,
They're strong and bold and uncontrolled, our Irish volunteers.

The cymbals are sounding, the trumpet shrill doth blow
For each platoon to form, we've got orders for to go;
Each pretty girl says to her love: My darling, never fear,
You will always find us true and kind to the Irish volunteer.

In the fearful hour of battle, when the cannons loud do roar,
We'll think upon our loves that we left to see no more;
And if grim death appears to us, its terrors and its fears
Can never scare in freedom's war our Irish volunteers.

Come, all ye worthy gentlemen, who have the heart and means,
Be kind unto the soldier's wife, they hold your country's reins;
They will come back victorious, those gallant fusiliers,
And bring again the flag unstained, our Irish volunteers.

ROBERT EMMET.

They tell us to breathe not the patriot's name,
They say let it rest in the gloom;

But can we forget all the glory and fame
Of him who sleeps cold in the tomb?

Forget him! oh, never, while one of our race
On the soil of Ireland remains;

His epitaph brightly in jewels we'll trace
When Erin her freedom regains.

In ages to come will his name still be blest,
Who loved his dear country so well,

And forever deep, deep in each patriot's breast
Will his fame and his memory dwell.

He parted with all and he joined in the strife,
With freedom's bright banner in hand;

He left his heart's love, and he gave his young life
To raise up our down-trodden land.

He died for his land on the high gallows' tree,
With the dark tyrant's sword 'round him cast;

He died as all should who would work to be free,
Defiant and true to the last.

Oh, heaven! I pray, ere I rest in the grave,
I may see by the Liffey's gray tide

The green flag of Ireland triumphantly wave
O'er the spot where our brave hero died.

Pat's Not So Black As He's Been Painted.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

The Irish for ages in grief have been bowed,
Despite all the virtues with which they're endowed;

The banners are furled, of which Irishmen are proud,
The harp is muzzling in silent sorrow.

Just like the chosen people, we're scattered near and far,
Waiting for the twinkling of sweet freedom's star;

For though years of tyranny unconquered still we are,
And hope from the future still we borrow.

CHORUS.

We've fought for the thistle, we've fought for the rose,
We've proved a credit to the land where the shamrock grows;

And I'm proud to say that now the whole world knows
Pat's not so black as he's been painted.

Unswerving from duty, straight onward we go,
Returning a sneer and a blow for a blow,

And teaching our children the hatred of a foe,
Who never could force us to subjection.

We fight for our birthright, the land which was decreed
Should be ours for eternity, in happiness or need;

And while we have men who are fit to fight and bleed,
We'll ne'er own a foreigner's protection.—Chorus.

Our homes have been ruined, our altars disgraced,
While strangers who hate us above us are placed;

And even our language they try to have effaced,
Still it lives in the pulse of our Ireland.

They cannot wipe us out, we're too many for them still;
And though they crush and wound us, they find they cannot kill,

For we will be rebels to tyranny until
There is not a man or boy in Ireland.—Chorus.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flower most dear to the sweet girl of night,
Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes bathed hung,
And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay she sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee,
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

PADDY LOVES A SHAMROCK.

Paddy loves a shamrock, Johnny Bull a rose,
Sandy loves a thistle, and Taffy, we suppose,
Cot bless her, loves a leek; and yet, the truth to speak, ⁴
Our honor and a pretty girl we all love more than those ¹⁰
Fol loi de roi de loi de loi de roi de ra.

Show us but the spalpeen would our rights oppose,
Johnny, Sandy, Pat and Taffy would take him by the nose;
Together in a lump, we the mulvree would thump,
Should they venture to cadoodle us, as ev'rybody knows.

Fol loi de roi de loi de loi de roi de ra.

Crowdy, beef and whiskey, buttermilk and cheese,
Make a body frisky, like a bag of fleas;
And if for these we fight, how much greater the delight
To stick up for a petticoat, whenever may say please.

Fol loi de roi de loi de loi de roi de ra.

ONCE MORE IN THE DEAR OLD LAND.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Dark and gloomy was the day when from Erin I'd to part,
As the good ship sailed away dark and gloomy was my heart;
But home visions to me came as we ploughed the angry sea,
And my heart so fondly yearned for the day when I should be—

CHORUS.

Once more in the dear old land, once more in old Ireland:
O'er the wide, wide world I've roamed, but my heart still turned to thee;
Once more in my native land, once more in my sireland,
Loveliest island that Heaven e'er smiled on, dear Erin, the gem of the sea.

Varied scenes I gazed upon, over land and over sea,
But where'er I chanced to roam, Erin, I was true to thee;
One thought cheered my lonely heart, one thought chased each care away;
Weary years might o'er me roll, still I hope to be some day—Chorus.

RAGGED PAT.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Now all you young gents to my song lend your ear,
'Tis about a poor Irishman whose name was Pat Clere;
His clothes were all patches, and torn was his hat,
So they called him the name of poor Ragged Pat.

CHORUS.

Oh, boy, Paddy awback!
A cat won't catch mice if put in a sack.

On Sunday, at church, his coat was of black,
With a big ivory button sewed into its back;
And his breeches were blue, the cloth very coarse,
He'd look like a clown if he sat on a horse.—Chorus.

Now this gent, Ragged Pat, although he was poor,
Sickness, no matter what sort, he could cure;
With a measure of oats, another of grass,
He could take away glanders from any jackass.—Chorus.

His eyes they were black, and his voice was so sweet,
He stood up for the law and on Friday ent went;
On the Sabbath at church he'd sure shut his eyes,
With his big mouth wide open, as if catching flies.—Chorus.

As you gave close attention, I'll here end my song,
Although full of pathos, yet not very long;
In the church-yard of Erin, far under the sod,
Lies poor Ragged Pat, but trustful in God.—Chorus.

THE FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'll sing you a decent song that was made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a real old Irish gentleman, who had a fine estate,
Whose mansion it was made of mud, with thatch and all complete,
With a hole at top, through which the smoke so graceful did retreat.

Hurrah for the old Irish gentleman, the boy of the olden time!

His walls, so cowlid, were covered with the devil a thing for show,
Except an old shillelah, which had knocked down many a foe;
And there old Barney sat at ease, and without shoes or hose,
And quaffed his noggin of potheen to warm his big red nose.

Like a fine old Irish gentleman, the boy of olden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there;
And while the rich they feasted him, he still among the poor
Would sing and dance and hurl and fight and make the spalpeens roar.

Like a real old Irish gentleman, a boy of the olden time.

But, och mevrone! once at a row old Barney got a knock,
And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't get o'er the shock;
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
"Och, Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did you die? och, bone!"

Then they waked this Irish gentleman, the boy of the olden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of olden time were just as at this day;

Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man;
To serve a friend and hate a foe, it always was the plan.

Of a real old Irish gentleman, the boy of the olden time.

THE HAT ME FATHER WORE.

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I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, just come across the sea;
For singing or for dancing, boys, I think that I'll please ye.
I can sing and dance with any man, as I did in days of yore;
And on Patrick's day I love to wear the hat me father wore.

CHORUS.

It's old, but it's beautiful, the best you ever seen;
'Twas worn for more than ninety years in that little isle so green.
From my father's great ancestors it descended with galore;
It's a relic of old dacency, is the hat me father wore.

I bid you all good evening, good luck to you, I say;
And when I cross the ocean, I hope for me you'll pray.
I'm going to my happy land, in a place called Ballymore;
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land with the hat me father wore.—Chorus.

And when I do return again, the boys and girls to see,
I hope that with old Erin's hope you'll kindly welcome me,
With the songs of dear old Ireland, to cheer me more and more,
And make me Irish heart feel glad with the hat me father wore.—Chorus.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

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Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid!
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!
But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE IRISHMAN'S HOME.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Farewell to the cot on the mountain,
And the cradle that first lulled me to sleep;
Tears are falling from nature's own fountain,
As I breast on the waves of the deep.
Land of the loveliest and fairest,
Unmatched wheresoever we roam,
Every night as I rest on my pillow,
I pray for each Irishman's home.

We're going to the land where there's refuge
From the oppression we're leaving behind;
And our cots ne'er again will they levy,
Or put us out on the bleak winter wind;
But we'll soon see the day we'll return
In splendor, like great ancient Rome,
When no one shall live on thee, poor Erin,
But the sons of each Irishman's home.

The sod that our fathers lie under,
The homes that the children must shun;
Where chieftains have oft fought and have conquered,
The swine-herd now back in the sun!
But, dear Erin, we never forget thee,
Though fate may compel us to roam!
But ever long to return and make thee
The pride of each Irishman's home.

THE IRISHMEN OF TO-DAY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I am told every day that the Irish are fools
And degraded by every shame;
And that every effort they make for their rights,
Adds only disgrace to their name.
Murder is wrong and for vengeance 'twill cry
To the zenith of heaven's great dome;
But how can a man see the ones that he loves
Just driven like dogs from their home.

CHORUS.

So don't form opinions until you know well
Who's to blame, and then what you say
Will cast no reflection on true-hearted men,
The Irishmen of to-day.

I have seen sons and daughters of Irish descent
Who would fain pass their old parents by,
For maybe their clothes were not cut in the style,
Or their walk wasn't fair to the eye.
And perhaps their old father to educate them
Had spent all that hard labor gains;
To see them grow up to deny both his name
And the blood that sent life through their veins.—Chorus.

Do you think we would stand England's tyranny here,
In this mightiest land of the free?
Do you think she don't know it for many a year,
Since she lost the tax on the tea?
Then why should poor Paddy be held in disdain
For holding his place on this earth?
For a man is a coward who would not stand up
And fight for the land of his birth.—Chorus.

The Faster You Pluck Them the Thicker They Grow.

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Oh, when will my countrymen learn to be sensible?
When will they learn to themselves to be true?
Knowing full well that in war they're invincible,
Doing what no other nation can do.
Honor and glory illumines the pages
Of Irishmen's prowess and Irishmen's pride;
But unity's wanting, as in the old days,
When the Danish invaders they drowned in the tide.

CHORUS.

Then, boys, pull together in sunshine and shower,
We'll soon let the world and our Saxon foes know
That the Irish are just like the wild creeping flower,
The faster you pluck them the thicker they grow.

Oh, remember the glories of Ireland a nation,
When proudly erect, with her face to the world,
Her sons filled the courts of the earth in high station,
And the banner of green to the breeze was unfurled,
No treachery then to the cause that was holy,
No breaking the bonds of our brotherly laws;
But traitors have risen, and Ireland is lowly,
There are men who are false to the famous old cause.—Chorus.
For ages we've suffered in gloom and in sorrow,
For ages we've struggled 'midst bloodshed and tears;
But at last the bright morning of freedom is dawning,
In all her proud beauty the sun-burst appears.
Parnell, who is fighting for the freedom of Ireland,
He cannot be bribed and knows not the word fear,
And our country at large will, God grant, be united,
And Ireland once more a proud nation appear.—Chorus.

MICHAEL DWYER.

At length brave Michael Dwyer and his undaunted men
Were scented o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen;
The stealthy soldiers followed, with ready blade and ball,
And swore to trap the outlaws that night in wild Emain.

They prowled about the valley, and toward the dawn of day
Discovered where the faithful and fearless heroes lay;
Around the little cottage they formed a ring,
And called out, "Michael Dwyer, surrender to the king!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we came
Unasked by those who own it, they cannot be to blame;
Then let those guiltless people, unquestioned, pass you through,
And when they're passed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

'Twas done — "and now," said Dwyer, "your work you may begin;
You are a hundred outside, we're only four within;
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply:
We're true United Irishmen, we'll fight until we die!"

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain,
The hills around re-echoed the thunder peals again,
The soldiers falling 'round him, brave Dwyer sees with pride —
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining good battle still to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true;
But, hark! — that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them, the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter ever moment the lurid flames arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes;
Then spake the brave M'Aister, the weak and wounded man,
"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:

Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor;
I'll stand before the soldiers and open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,
Then while their guns are empty, dash through them and away!"

He stood before the foemen, revealed amidst the flame,
From out their leveled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind,
And swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind;
But many a scarlet soldier he promised soon should fall,
For those, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Emain.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove and sat upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass, and decked with flowers of spring,
No flowers were there that could compare with the lovely girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car, the man at the turnpike burr,
Good-natured old soul, never ask'd for his toll, but look'd after the low-back'd

In battle's wild commotion, the proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes of death in warlike scars;
But Peggy, peaceful goddess, has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market town, as right and left they fly,
As she sits in the low-back'd car, than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart that is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy 'round her car, sir, has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters by far outnumber these.
While she among her poultry sits, just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage, of the blooming god of love.
As she sits in her low-back'd car, the lovers come from afar
And envy the chickens that Peggy is picking, as she rides in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir, with Peggy by my side,
Than a couch and four, and gold galore, with a lady for my bride,
For the lady would sit forrinst me on a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me, with my arm around her waist.
As we rode in that low-back'd car, to be married by Father Magar,
Oh, my heart would beat high at each glance of her eye, as we rode in the low-back'd car.

GOOD-BYE, MIKE; GOOD-BYE, PAT.

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The ship will sail in half an hour, to cross the broad Atlantic.
My friends were standing on the pier with grief and sorrow frantic;
My trunks were stowed down below in the great ship, *Dan O'Leary*;
The anchor's weighed and the gangway is up, I'm leaving Tipperary.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Mike; good-bye, Pat; good-bye, Kate and Mary;
For the anchor is weighed, the gangway is up, I'm leaving Tipperary.
See, there's the steamer blazing up, I can no longer stay.
For I am bound for New York City, boys, three thousand miles away.

My portmanteau I have got packed with potatoes, greens and bacon;
If you don't think I'll look after that, in truth you are mistaken.
If the ship pitch and toss, for a half a dozen farthings,
I'll take my trunk upon my back and walk to Castle Garden.—*Chorus.*

Give my respects to Mr. Mack, and likewise to Mrs. Hagan,
And I'll come back to the christening, when she marries Patey Fagau;
I'm deep in love with Mollie Burke, as a jackass is in clover;
When I am settled, if she will come, I'll pay her passage over.—*Chorus.*

OCH, PADDY, IS IT YOURSELF?

Och, Pat, is it yourself, indade, safe again to home?
Sure, Bridget told a lie, faith! she said ye wouldn't come;
I heard yourself a-comin' and it made my dander rise,
'Dade I knowed yer drunken footstep and yer rummy voice;
'Twas sorrow to my ears in the avenin' awful gloom—
Och, Paddy, tell me now, where did ye get yer rum?

We's afraid yer would come nightly, but this night of all
We let the fire go out, 'cause we's going to the ball;
The childers would set up till nine o'clock and past,
Till they would say they knowed that their papa was lost;
An' they hoped yer would be sober when yer did get home—
Och, Paddy, tell me truly, where did ye get yer rum?

The days were glad without ye, the nights were spent in revel,
And now ye have come home, Pat, ye drunken devil;
Last night I sung and danced by the moon's gentle ray,
'Till I thought I heard yer voice, when I stopped right away;
But I soon resumed my sport when I found ye had not come—
Och, Paddy, yer drunken rowdy, why did yer come home?

WHERE IS KATHLEEN?

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'm sitting alone while the sunset is falling
In purple and gold on the far distant hill,
And the throats so sweetly his love-note is calling
From out the old willow that bends o'er the rill.
I see the old cottage with woodbine half covered,
The one brightest spot in that beautiful scene;
But where is the spirit that round it once hovered,
So loving and gentle? oh, where is Kathleen?

CHORUS.

Where is Kathleen, darling Kathleen,
She who was ever my heart's fondest queen?
Where is the sweetheart I loved in my childhood?
I hear but the echo, oh, where is Kathleen?

I turn from the spot with a heart full of sorrow,
To think of the path I must now tread all alone;
For no matter how bright be the sun of to-morrow,
I'll sigh for the love light that once o'er me shone.
Though far from the scenes by her presence once gladdened,
I still shall remember sweet days that have gone;
And the voice of my heart, tho' 'tis broken and saddened,
Will ever be calling, oh, where is Kathleen?—*Chorus.*

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan, my years are thirty-four,
Tipperary is my native place, not far from Galymore;
I came of honest parents—but now they're lying low—
And many a pleasant day I spent in the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes outside our cabin door—
The landlord and the sheriff, too, were there the day before—
And then my loving mother and sisters three, also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts from the Glen of Aherlow.
For three long months, in search of work, I wandered far and near,
I went then to the poor-house to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart, but still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves in the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith and kin, with plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin, and slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was, I ne'er did hardship know,
Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there!" says the corporal, "you lazy Irish lound;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog, the call 'to arms' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago,
I woke before Sebastopol, and not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—how dark I thought the night;
O blessed God, it was not dark, it was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind my tears began to flow,
I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary, mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I am, in Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches, where I never feared the foe,
And now I'll never see again my own sweet Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out, I beg from all I meet;
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors in the Glen of Aherlow.

Then, Irish youths—dear countrymen—take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks you'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted a-soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

It was in the county Kerry, a little way from Clare,
Where the boys and girls are merry at a patron race or fair;
The town is called Kellorlin, a purty place to view,
But what makes it interesting is my Bridget Donahue.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bridget Donahue, I really do love you,
Although I'm in America, to you I will be true;
Then, Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do,
Just take the name of Patterson and I'll take Donahue.

Her father is a farmer, and a decent man is he,
He's liked by all the people from Kellorlin to Tralee;
And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
She's admired by the people, sure, they wait to see her pass.—*Chorus.*
I sent her home a picture, I did, upon my word,
Not a picture of myself, but a picture of a bird;
It was the American eagle, and says I: "Miss Donahue,
Our eagle's wings are large enough to shelter me and you."—*Chorus.*

JOHN MITCHELL.

I am a true-born Irishman, John Mitchell is my name,
To free my own brave countrymen from Merrytown I came;
I struggled hard both night and day to free my native land,
For which I was transported, as you may understand.

When I first joined my countrymen, it was in '42,
And then what followed after I'll quickly tell to you:
I raised the standard of "Repeal," and gloried in the deed,
And I vowed to heaven I'd never rest until Erin it was freed.

While here in prison close confined, waiting for my trial day,
My loving wife she came to me and these words to me did say:
"Oh, John, my dear, cheer up your heart, and daunted do not be,
For it's better to die for Erin's rights than to live in slavery."

When I received my sentence, 'twas on a foreign ground,
Where hundreds of my comrades assembled all around;
My liberty was offered me if there I would forsake their cause,
But I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than forsake my Irish boys.

Farewell, my true-born Irishmen, farewell, my country, too;
But to leave my poor babes behind, it grieves me worse than all.
There is one request I ask of you, when your liberty you gain,
Remember John Mitchell far away, though a convict bound in chains.

BEAUTIFUL SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a sweet little spot away down by Cape Clear,
Sure it's Ireland herself, to all Irishmen dear;
Where the white prairie blossoms like lilliant flowers,
And the wild birds sing sweetly above the round towers;
And the dear little shamrock, that none can withstand,
Is the beautiful emblem of old Ireland.

In his hat good St. Patrick used always to wear
The shamrock whenever he went to the fair;
And Nebuchadnezzar, no doubt, highly prized
A bit of the blossom when he went dignified;
For the bosom of beauty itself might expand,
When bedecked by the shamrock of old Ireland.

When far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen;
I've dreamt of shillelahs and shamrocks so green,
That grow, like two twins, on the bogs and the hills,
With a drop in my eye, that with joy my heart fills;
And I've blessed the dear sod from a far distant strand,
And the beautiful shamrock of old Ireland.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

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Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushlamachree.
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitably hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with Cushlamachree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
Brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the rosy cheeks of thy daughters discover
The sole-speaking bluish that says Cushlamachree.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

When the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee,
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore;
When the nations that know thee no longer admire thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore;
When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore;
When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

BURKE'S DREAM.

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Slowly and sadly, one night in November,
I laid down my weary head to repose
On a pillow of straw, which I long shall remember;
O'erpowered by sleep, I fell into a doze,
Tired from working hard, down in a felon's yard;
Night brought relief to my well-tortured frame,
Locked in my prison cell, surely an earthly hell;
I fell asleep and began for to dream.
Methought that I sat on the green hills of Erin,
Premeditating her victory won;
Surrounded by comrades, no enemy fearing,
Stand was the cry, every man to his gun!
Then on came the Samagh facing our Irishmen,
But they soon rallied back from our Pike volunteers,
Who's cry it was shrill, hurrah, boys! Father Murphy
And his brave Shellamires.
Then methought that I seen our brave, noble commanders
All mounted on chargers and in gorgeous array,
In green, trimmed with gold, with their bright-shining sabres,
On which danced the sunbeams of freedom that day;
On, was the battle-cry, conquer this day or die;
Sons of Hibernia, fight for liberty,
Show neither fear or dread, vanquish the foe ahead!
Cut down their horse, foot and artillery.
Then on the cannon-balls flew, men from both sides drew.
Our men were bound by oath to die or hold their ground;
So from our vengeance the Samagh fled,
Leaving the fields covered with dead,
While each man cried out gloriously:
Come from your prison, Burke! Irishmen have done their work,
God he was with us, old Erin is free!
Then methought, as the clouds were repeatedly flowing,
I saw a lion stretched on the crimson-gold places,
Beneath the pale moonbeams in death's sleep reposing,
The comrades I knew I would never see again;
Then over the mountain path homewards I hastened back;
Where with lay mother, fainted, gave a loud scream,
At the shock of which I awoke, just at daybreak,
And found myself a prisoner, and all but a dream.

THE COW THAT ATE THE PIPER.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian,
That black-whiskered set we will never forget,
Though history tells us they were Hessian.
In this troublesome time, oh! 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper,
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.
Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake
Where Denny was not first invited;
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper;
They kept him within till the bones and the skin
Were gruning thro' the rage of the piper.
One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny, "Those rogues have boots, I've brogues"—
On the boots then he laid such a griper:
He pulled with such might, and the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.
Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin;
Says Tim from within, "I can't let you in;
You'll be shot if you're caught there a-rapping."
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began to wipe her;
They lay down together on a seven-foot feather;
And the cow fell a-lugging the piper.
Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
And he steeled off the boots of the Hessian;
The legs—by the law, he left on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,
To make Denny jump up like a lumplighter;
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jackdaw,
"Oh, daddy! the cow's ate the piper!"
"Musha had luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
For to eat such a beautiful chanter;
Arrah! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhenly—we'll cant her."
Mrs. Kennedy baw'd, and the neighbors were call'd,
They began for to humbug and gibe her:
To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.
The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhenly,
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
To clerk of the parish, Tim Daly.
They went to a tent, the luck-penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper.
Who d'ye think was there, playing the "Rakes of Kildare,"
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper!
Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunk colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommack.
He said, "By the powers! I thought these eight hours
You were playing in drimhan duh's stomach!"
Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
And they all wished Nick's cure to the griper;
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like fairies they danced 'round the piper.

THE CASTLEBAR BOY.

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I am a boy from old Ireland, what an elegant place,
Where good nature and morn shines on every face;
And the pride of my father, and the girl's own joy,
And the darlings they call me the Castlebar boy.

CHORUS.

For my name it is Pat, I am proud out of that,
My country I will never deny;
I will fight for the sod where my forefathers trod,
Sing hurrah for the Castlebar boy.

I was born one evening in the middle of June;
They took me to town and they christened me soon;
What name shall we call him? says Father Molloy:
Monnadowl, call him Paddy, the Castlebar boy.—Chorus.

When I landed in England it was a beautiful morning;
They gave me a job at reaping the corn;
At reaping and mowing to beat me they tried,
But the omadhauns they could not touch the Castlebar Boy.—Chorus.

You Englishmen, poor Paddy don't scorn,
For Paddy was not always a big omadhaun;
For his heart is in the right place, for friend he would die;
I think I have pleased you, the best I did try.
Grant your applause to the Castlebar boy.—Chorus.

PAT ROACH AT THE PLAY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

As Pat Roach and the missus, from Galway,
In Dublin once happened to be,
To the playhouse they went one fine evening,
Determined diversion to see.
But, says Pat as he entered, "There's no one"
To pay money to here, at all."
"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!"
Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."
"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!"
Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."

The missus she looks all around her,
In wonder her eyes they did roll,
But says she, "Paddy, darling, alanna,
He is here like a rat in a hole."
"Pay here." "How much is it?" "A shilling."

"A shilling apiece, that won't do;
Tis too much, Mr. Pay here, avonreeen—
Eighteen pence I will give you for two;
Tis too much, Mr. Pay here, avonreeen—
Eighteen pence I will give you for two."

Pat grumbled, but paid and got seated,
The band was beginning to play,
He jiggered on his seat quite elated,
And to the musicians did say:
"The yourselves that can do it, me bouchala,
And I wish to yez wid all me mind."
To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows;
Mister Bugler, heaven spare ye yer wind."
To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows;
Mister Bugler, heaven spare ye yer wind."

The play then went on and Pat wondered,
And sat with his mouth open wide,
As the proud, haughty Lord of the Manor,
Sought to make the fair maiden his bride.
"To the mountain," says he, "I will bear thee."
She shrieked as she saw him approach.
"Is there no one at hand now to save me?"
Shouts a voice: "Yes, me darlin', Pat Roach."

Then up on the seat jumped brave Paddy.
Says he: "Now, you blackguard, be gone,
Or a lord though you be tin times over,
I'll knock your two eyes into one."
"Sit down there in front!" "What, you spalpeen;
Is it me you thus dare to address?
Do you think that Pat Roach would sit aisy
And see that poor girl in distress?"

A scuffle ensued in a minute,
But soon sure the row did subside,
And as Pat gasped for breath he discovered,
Of the door he was on the wrong side.
He soon found the missus, next morning
They started for home, and Pat swore
If he once safely landed in Galway,
He'd come up to Dublin no more.

MARY OF TIPPERARY.

From sweet Tipperary see light-hearted Mary,
Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew
As she joyously springs and as joyously sings,
Disdaining such things as a stocking or shoe;
For she goes bare-footed, like Venus or Cupid,
And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk.
When her sweet foot and ankle the dewdrops bespangle,
As she trips o'er the lawn at the blush of the dawn,
As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.
For the dance, when arrayed, see this bright mountain maid;
If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond lure,
O'er some clear fountain stopping, her dark tresses looping,
Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure!
How lovely that toilet—would fashion dare sell it
With paint or with patches when nature bestows
A beauty more simple, in mirth's artless dimples?
Heaven's light in her eye—the soft blue of the sky—
Heaven's light in her eye and a blush like a rose.

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING.

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If they talk about ladies I'll tell them the plan
Of myself—to be sure I'm a nate Irishman.
There is neither Sultana nor foreign ma'nselle
That has charms to please me, or can coax me so well,
As the sweet Irish girl, so charming to see;
Och, a tight Irish girl is the darling for me,
And singe fillioo, fire away, frieky she'll be;
Och, a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.
For she's pretty, she's witty, she's coaxing and coaxing,
She's smiling, beguiling to see, to see;
She rattles, she prattles, she dances and prances,
Och, a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

Now, some girls they are little and some they are tall,
Och, others are big, sure, and others are small,
And some that are teasing are bandy, I tell;
Still none can please me, or can coax me so well
As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see;
Och, a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.
For she's pretty, she's witty, etc.

THE IVY GREEN.

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Och, a dainty plant is the ivy green that creepeth o'er the ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, in his cell so lonely and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed, to please his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made is a merry meal for him,
Creeping where no life is seen, a rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealth on, though he wears no wings, and a staunch old head hath he;
How closely he twineh, how tightly he clings to his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he tralleth along the ground and his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth 'round the rich mold of dead men's graves—
Creeping where grim death hath begun, a rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and works decayed, and nations have scattered been,
But the stout old ivy shall never fade from its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest buildings man can raise is the ivy's food at last—
Creeping where grim death hath begun, a rare old plant is the ivy green.

PADDY IS THE BOY.

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It's some years ago, I very well know,
Since I first saw daylight with my two blessed eyes;
I was born, so they say, when my dad was away,
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.
How they nursed me with joy, said, what a fine boy!
Put a stick in my fist, by the way of a toy;
Faith, there's no mistake, they admired my make,
And said some day I'd give the girls a warning.

Chorus.

For Paddy is the boy that's fond of a glass,
Paddy is the boy that's fond of a lass;
Dear old Dublin is the place for me,
And Donnybrook is the place to go for a spree.

At a wake or a fair, poor Paddy is there,
He will fight foe or friend, if they do him offend;
Let the piper strike up, he will rise from his cup;
With a smile on his face adorning.
With his little colleen he'll dance on the green,
Sure, an Irishman there in his glory was seen;
Play a reel or jig, he don't care a fig,
But he'll dance till daylight in the morning.—Chorus.

Now, boys, do you mind, you never will find
Such a dear little place as the emerald isle;
Long, long may it stand, and good luck to the land
That dear old St. Patrick was born in.
May the girls, young and old, may the boys, brave and bold,
Unite, heart and hand, to protect the dear isle;
And, morn, noon and night, may joy and delight
Shine on them, like a fine summer's morning.—Chorus.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

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On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby and some blamed the clock,
Till with all their cross-questions, sure, no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure, they blackened his eye.

At last both the factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two;
Till Father Malcoly, who showed them their sins,
Said no one could have two birthdays, but a pair of twins.

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing, but sometime combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday"—Amen, says the clerk.
If he wasn't a twin, sure, our history will show
That at last he is worth two saints that we know.
Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And we kept up the practice from that day to this.

OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD.

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Oh, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire
Might have poured the full tide of the patriot's heart.

But, alas, for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray,
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh, give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel.
That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Ev'ry passion it nursed, ev'ry bliss it adored.
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy heart shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

PAT OF MULLINGAR.

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They may talk of Flying Childers and the speed of Harkaway,
Till the fancy it bewilders, as you list to what they say;
But for real bone and beauty, though, to travel near and far,
The fastest mare you'll find belongs to Pat of Mullingar.

Chorus.

She can trot along, jog along, drag a jaunting-car;
No day's too long, when set along with Pat of Mullingar.

She was bred in Connemara and brought up at Castlemaine;
She won cups at the Curragh, the finest baste on all the plain.
All countries and conveyances she has been buckled to,
She lost an eye at Limerick and an ear at Waterloo.—Chorus.

If a friend you wish to find, sir, I'll go wherever you want,
I'll drive you out of your mind, sir, or a little way beyond;
Like an arrow through the air, if you step into the car,
You'll ride behind the little mare of Pat of Mullingar.—Chorus.

To Dollymount or Kingston, if the place you wish to see,
I'll drive you to the strawberry beds, it's all the same to me,
To Donnybrook, whose ancient fall is famed for love or war,
Or if you have the time to spare, we'll go to Mullingar.—Chorus.

When on the road we're going, the other carmen try
(Without the darling knowing) to pass her on the sly;
Her one ear points up to the sky, she tucks her haunches in,
Then shows the lads how she can fly, as I sit still and grin.—Chorus.

Then should yez want a car, sirs, I hope you'll not forget
Poor Pat of Mullingar, sirs, and his darlin' little pet;
She's gentle as the dove, sirs, her speed you can't deny,
And there's no blind side about her, though she hasn't got an eye.—Chorus.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

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Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larin' and piety;
Still I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Saintly and saintly and saintly again;
Powerfullest preacher and tenderest teacher,
And kindest creature in old Don gal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the devils and all at divinity—
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all.

Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard;
Down from mythology into theology,
Troth, and conchology if he'd the call.—Chorus.

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you;
All the young childe are wild for to play wid you;
You've such a way wid you, Father, avick.

Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' the aley ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on with the sick.—Chorus.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity;
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety all to the laity?
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen, too?"—Chorus.

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty-one,
I acted as a servant unto a gentleman;
I served him true and honest, and very well it's known,
But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

For what he did banish me I mean to let you hear:
I own I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear.
She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
And that's the reason I must go from Erin's lovely home.

'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
We were viewing of those flowers all in their youthful bloom;
She said, "My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home."

I gave consent that very night along with her to roam
From her father's dwelling—it proved my overthrow;
The night was bright; by the moonlight we both set off alone,
Thinking to get safe away from Erin's lovely home.

When we came to Belfast, by the break of day,
My love she then got ready our passage for to pay;
Five thousand pounds she counted down, saying, "This shall be your own,
But do not mourn for those we've left in Erin's lovely home."

'Tis of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear:
'Twas in a few hours after, her father did appear;
He marched me back to Homer jail in the county of Tyrone,
And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

When I heard my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
But parting from my true love it grieved me ten times more.
I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence, before I sailed away,
My love she came into the jail, and thus to me did say:
"Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you disown,
Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home."

DANDY PAT.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Oh! I'm the boy called Dandy Pat, Dandy Pat;
I was born in the town of Ballinacat,
I'm Pat the Dandy O!

I courted one Miss Kate Molloy, Kate Molloy;
She sed I was the broth av a boy!
I'm Dandy Pat, heigho!

I'm Dandy Pat, ochone! heigho! -
From Magherafelt to Ballinacat
There's none comes up to Dandy Pat!

My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim;
The girls all cry: "Just look at him!
He's Pat the Dandy O!"

My stick is med av good blackthorn,
I'm the funniest divil iver was born—
I'm Dandy Pat, heigho,
I'm Dandy Pat, heigho! etc.

My coat is med av Irish frieze, Irish frieze;
The divil a one can take the prize
From Dandy Pat, heigho!

My hat is med av Irish felt, Irish felt—
The hearts of all the girls I melt—
I'm Pat the Dandy O!
I'm Dandy Pat, heigho! etc.

I tuk a walk to the Cinthral Park, Cinthral Park;
A nice young lady med the remark:
"That's Pat the Dandy O!"

She axed me home to take some tay, some tay—
She sed she'd never go away
From Dandy Pat, heigho!
From Pat the Dandy O! etc.

THE TAIL OF ME COAT.

I learned me reading an' writing
At Ballyragget, where I went to school;
'Twas there I first took to fighting,
With the schoolmaster, Misher O'Toole;

He and I had many a scrimmage;
The never a copy I wrote,
But not a goosoon in the village
Dare tread on the tail iv me coat.

I an illegant hand was at courtling,
For lessons I took in the art,
Till cupid, that blaggard, while sporting,
A big arrow sint smack through me heart.

Miss O'Connor, I live straight fowinst her,
And tindhur lines to her I wrote—
Who dare say a black word against her,
Why I'd tread on the tail iv their coat.

A bog-trotter, wan Micky Mulvany,
He tried for to coax her away;
He had money and I hadn't any,
So a challenge I sint him wan day.

Next morning we met at Kilhenly,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
There I lathered him with me shillelah,
For he trod on the tail iv me coat.

Me fame spread through the nation,
Folks flock for to gaze upon me,
All cry out without hesitation,
"Och, yer a fightin' man, Micky Mageel!"

I fought with the Finnigan faction,
We bnted all the Murphys afant,
If inclined for a row or a ruction,
Why, I'd tread on the tail iv me coat.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

When Pat came o'er the hills his colleen fair to see,
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be.

"Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one whistling sure."
"Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling thro' the door."

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind the chink,
And the wind upon the string is playing a tune, I think."

"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play that tune."
"But, mother, you know that dogs will bark when they see the moon."

"Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and blind?
Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the wind."

"And there is the pig, onalys in his mind."

"But, mother, you know they say that pigs can see the wind."
"That's all very well in the day, but then, I may remark,
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the dark."

"Now, I'm not such a fool as you think; I know very well it is Pat.
Be off, you whistling thief! and get along home out of that!

And you be off to your bed, and don't bother with your tears,
For though I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

Now, boys, too near the house don't courtling go, d'ye mind,
Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both deaf and blind;

The days when they were young, forget they never can—
They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, a dog, or a man.

SHAN VAN VOGH.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Oh! the French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vogh;
The French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vogh;

Oh! the French are in the bay, they'll be here without delay,
And the orange will decay, says the Shan Van Vogh.

Oh! the French are in the bay, they'll be here by break of day,
And the orange will decay, says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp? says the Shan Van Vogh;
Where will they have their camp? says the Shan Van Vogh.

On the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair, says the Shan Van Vogh.

To the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there, says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do? says the Shan Van Vogh;
What will the yeomen do? says the Shan Van Vogh.

What should the yeomen do but throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true to the Shan Van Vogh.

What should the yeomen do, etc.

And what color will they wear? says the Shan Van Vogh;
What color will they wear? says the Shan Van Vogh.

What color should be seen where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green, says the Shan Van Vogh.

What color should be seen, etc.

And will Ireland then be free? says the Shan Van Vogh;
Will Ireland then be free? says the Shan Van Vogh.

Yes, Ireland shall be free, from the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for liberty! says the Shan Van Vogh.

Yes, Ireland shall be free, etc.

DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

Sarsfield has sailed from Limerick town;
He held it long for country and crown;

And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the low countries—
At his fiery charge the Saxon reel,
They learned at Limerick to read the steel.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain;
His corset hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, "Oh! that this was for fatherland!"

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
For he died in the arms of victory;
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land!

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

"Oh! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrell, tell me where you hurry so?"
"Hush, ma bouchall! hush and listen," and his cheeks were all aglow,

"I bear orders from the Captain; get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon."

Chorus.

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon;

I bear orders from the Captain; get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

"Oh! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be?"
"In the mid spot, by the river, right well-known to you and me.

One word more: for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon."—Chorus.

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching thro' the night,
Many a manly heart was throbbing for that blessed warning light;

Murmurs passed along the valley, like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.—Chorus.

Down along yon slinging river, that dark mass of men was seen,
High above their shining weapons floats their own beloved green.

Death to every foe and traitor! forward! strike the marchin' tune!
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the rising of the moon.—Chorus.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate;
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fill the name of 'ninety-eight!

But yet, thank God, there's beating hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who will follow in their footsteps by the rising of the moon.—Chorus.

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

Pat fell sick on a time, and he sent for the priest,
That, dying, he might have his blessing, at least;
And to come with all speed did humbly implore him,
To sit him out right for the journey before him.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,
And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;
Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and blue,
And his countenance wore a cold church-yard-like hue.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father bid Pat confess all his crimes,
To think of his sins and forsake them betimes;
Or his fate else would be, like other vile souls,
To be flayed and be salted, then roasted on coals.
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Oh, think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,
Where you'll visit St. Patrick and see his sweet face;
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and swate,
Where you'll never want prates nor brogues to your fate."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, with inquisitive face,
"That country must sure be a beautiful place;
St. Patrick, no doubt, will give us good cheer,
But d'ye think he has got any ould whiskey there?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

The good father with wonder, amaze and surprise,
Chaped his hands and next turned up the whites of his eyes;
"Oh, vile sinner," says he, "can you hope to be forgiven,
If you think there is carousing and drinking in heaven?"
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, "though I cannot help thinking,
If in heaven they can do without eating or drinking,
(Though I don't mean to say what you tell is a fable)
'Twould be decent, you know, to see a drop on the table."
Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral li day.

TEDDY O'NEAL.

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I dreamt but last night, oh, bad cess to the dreaming,
Sure I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass;
I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
Oh, didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing,
The grief of the thought was too much to conceal;
My mother cried, "Norah, child, what is your ailing?"
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal—
My mother cried, "Norah, child, what is your ailing?"
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal.

I went to the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;
Considering it served to keep pontry and pigs in,
I'm sure you'll allow 'twas most decent and clean.
But now all around it looks cold, sad and dreary,
All sad and all silent, no piper, no reel;
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery,
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal—
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery,
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal.

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
And the moment was come for my love to depart;
How I sobbed like a spalpeen, good-bye to you, Teddy,
With a tear on my cheek and a stone on my heart.
He said 'twas to better his fortune he wender'd;
But what would be gold to the joy I should feel
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neal—
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neal.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
His heart is good-humored, 'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found;
He courts and marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for him that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
His clothes are spick and span, new without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied 'round his white neck;
He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown;
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart light with whiskey, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
He meets with his Shieleh, who, blushing a smile,
Cries: "Get you gone, Pat!" yet consents all the while.
'To the priest then they go, and nine months after that
A fine baby cries out: "How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth;
Bless the land of the oak and its neighboring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed and the Shannon,
Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a caannon;
United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose, leek, and thistle long flourish and twine
'Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

THE TWIG OF SHILLELAH.

Mulrooney's my name, I'm a comical boy,
A tight little lad at shillelah;
St. Paddy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy,
Among the sweet boys of Kilalah.
The world began with a prospect so fair,
My dad was worth nothing and I was his heir;
So all my estate was a heart free from care,
And a tight little twig of shillelah.
"Turn, captain," cried dad, "and if kilt in the strife,
Success and long life to shillelah!
Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,
As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah."
But, thinks I, spite of what fame and glory hequeath,
How conceeded I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,
Wid my hand in my mouth, to stand picking my teeth
With a tight little twig of shillelah.
Yet firmly both Ireland and Columbia I'll aid,
The lands of white pine and shillelah;
For now these two slaters are man and wife made,
As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah.
I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true,
To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?
Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but along wid it, too,
A tight little twig of shillelah.

OLD IRELAND FOREVER.

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Attend to me, landemen and sailors and others,
My ditty appeals to your courage and sence;
Come 'round me, my lads, let's shake hands like brothers,
And join one and all in old Ireland's defence.
Though statesmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever,
By our own dear country, old Ireland forever;
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever.

Our forefathers fully considered the cause
Of justice and wisdom, of honor and fame,
Then wisely and bravely established such laws
As raised above others Hibernia's great name.
Then shall we lose sight of them? Never, boys, never;
Huzza for our country, old Ireland forever!
Ye sons of Hibernia, come, join hand-in-hand,
We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land;
And when o'er the grog, the first toast that is given
Shall be: "Plenty and peace to the land that we live in."
Though statesmen by tricks to seduce us endeavor,
We'll stand by our country, old Ireland forever.

LANNIGAN'S BALL.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Joke Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

In the town of Athol lived one Jimmy Lannigan,
He bather'd away till he hadn't a pound;
His father died and made him a man again,
Left him a farm of ten acres of ground.
He gave a large party to all his relations,
That stood beside him when he went to the wall;
So if you but listen, I'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions at Lannigan's ball.

Chorus.

Whack, fal la, fal la, tal ladedy; whack, fal la, fal la, tal ladedy;
Whack, fal la, fal la, tal ladedy; whack, hurroo, for Lannigan's ball!

'Twas meself had free invitations,
For all the boys and girls I might ask;
In less than five minutes I'd friends and relations,
Singing as merry as flies 'round a cask.
Kitty O'Hara, a nate little milliner,
Tapt me the wink and asked me to call,
When I arrived with Timothy Galligan,
Just in time for Lannigan's ball.—Chorus.

When we got there they were dancing the polka
All 'round the room in a quare whirligig;
But Kitty and I put a stop to this nonsense,
We tapt them a taste of a nate Irish jig.
Oh, Mavrone, wasn't she proud of me!
We bather'd the flure till the ceiling did fall,
For I spent three weeks at Brook's Academy,
L'arning a step for Lannigan's ball.—Chorus.

The boys were all merry, the girls were frisky,
Drinking together in couples and groups,
When an accident happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,
He struck his right fut through Miss Flannigan's hoops.
The craythur she fainted and roared "Millia murder!"
Called for her friends and gathered them all;
Tim Dermody swore that he'd go no further,
But have satisfaction at Lannigan's ball.—Chorus.

Och, arrah, boys! but thin was the raption,
Meself got a wallop from Phelim McCoo;
Soon I replied to his nate introduction,
And we kicked up the devil's philliaoo.
Casey, the piper, he was nearly strangled,
He squeezed up his bags, chaunters and all;
The girls in their ribbons all got entangled,
And that put a stop to Lannigan's ball.—Chorus.

In the midst of the row Miss Kavanagh fainted,
Her face all the while was as red as the rose;
The ladies declared her cheeks they were painted,
But she'd taken a drop too much, I suppose.
Paddy Macarty, so hearty and able,
When he saw his dear colleen stretched out in the hall,
He pulled the best leg out from under the table
And broke all the chaneey at Lannigan's ball.—Chorus.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Street Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

It was in November, I well remember,
Two noble heroes to Manchester came;
It was their intention, as I now will mention,
To free old Ireland from her tyrant's chain.
The police viewed them as if they knew them,
And to pursue them they did not fail;
They did surround them, with handcuffs bound them,
And marched them prisoners to the country jail.
When Allan heard that those men were taken,
To O'Brien and Larkin he quickly flew;
Saying: "For Colonel Kelly my heart is breaking,
Oh! noble heroes, what shall we do?"
They went together with one another,
And like loyal brothers they did agree;
Saying: "Let every man go up to the van,
And break it open and set them free."
But know, kind friends, what followed after
Those men were taken as you may see;
Both judge and jury soon found them guilty,
And they died true martyrs for their country.
'Twas sad upon that fatal morning,
When their friends assembled to bid farewell,
The choir chanted *ora pro nobis*,
And they all joined chorus in that prison cell.
The clock struck eight and their friends departed,
When wicked Colecraft he did appear;
They then raised their heads and kissed each other,
They knew their time it was drawing near.
When on the scaffold they looked around them,
Not a son of Erin was to be seen;
Although for miles around they came in thousands
To see those martyrs die for the green.

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

Descend, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish bard,
You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
With a song ready-made, he'll compose it himself;
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in;
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding, which happened at Ballyporeen.
'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
When Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
In their best bibe and tuckers, set off, side by side.
O, the pipers play'd first in the air,
The maids blushed, the bridegroom did swear, sir;
O, Lord! how the spalpeens did stare, sir, at this wedding of Ballyporeen.
They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
To make merry the day at the sign of the churn;
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
O, the bunks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group,
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers and pipers and nailors
And peddlers and smugglers and sailors, assembled at Ballyporeen.
There was Bryan MacDermot and Shanganessy's brat,
With Terence and Triscoil and platter-faced Pat;
There was Norah Macormic and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn.
There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius,
With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis;
Black Thady and crooked Macgennils, assembled at Ballyporeen.
Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charmed all their souls with his kind boisteration;
They were welcomed, he said, and he swore and he cursed,
They might eat till they swelled, and might drink till they burst.
The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
I hope you all hither will drive, sirs;
You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs, to the christening at Ballyporeen.
Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how—
She blushed and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
She whispered so low that she bothered them all,
But her mother cried: "What, are you dead, child?
O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child, oh, I'd rattle all Ballyporeen."
Now they sat down to meat—Father Murphy said grace,
Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face;
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
And they elbowed and jostled, and wollopped away.
Rumps, chins, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;
They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs, at this wedding at Ballyporeen.
There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled,
Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled;
Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the snipe,
Culcannon pie, dumpling, cod, cow-heel and tripe.
Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs;
O, how Terry Macmanis did roar, sirs, oh, he bothered all Ballyporeen.
Now the whiskey went 'round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung "Molly, Athore";
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake.
Then the piper and couples advancing,
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing;
Such piping, such singing and dancing was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.
Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride;
And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
Drunk or sober, that jiggered it at Ballyporeen.
And when cupid shall lend you his wherry,
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
I wish you may be half so merry as we were at Ballyporeen.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright my heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night, was love, still love!
New hopes may bloom, and days may come of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!
Though the bard to purer fame may soar, when wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise who frowned before to smile at last,
He'll never meet a smile so sweet in all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear his soul-felt flame;
And, at every close, she blushed to hear the one loved name!
Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot, which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot on memory's waste!
'Twas odor fled as soon as shed; 'twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when the Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh! liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it moves like a breeze o'er the waves of the West.
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!
If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name.
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!
Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain;
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt in Erin as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion while she draws,
Like a traitor, her sword in the long-sighted cause
Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!
God prosper the cause, oh! it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave,
The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of Spain!

BRENNEN ON THE MOOR.

It's of a fearless Irishman a long story I shall tell;
His name is Willie Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell;
It was on the Calvert Mountains he commenced his hellish career,
Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

CHORUS.

Brennen on the moor, Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted, stood Brennan on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried with him each day;
He never robbed a poor man upon the Queen's highway;
For what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and black Bess,
He always did divide it with the widows in distress.—Chorus.
One night he robbed an Irishman by the name of Julet Bawn.
They traveled on together till the day began to dawn;
The Julet found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain—
He at once encountered him and robbed him back again.—Chorus.
When Willie found the packman was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway his companion for to be;
The Julet threw away his pack without any more delay,
And he proved a faithful comrade amidst the *Agnus dei*.—Chorus.
One day upon the highway, as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashil a mile outside the town;
The Mayor he knew his features—I think, young man, said he,
That your name is Willie Brennan; you must come along with me.—Chorus.
Willie's wife, she being in town provisions for to buy,
When she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry;
I wish he handed me the temperers—as soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him a binnderbuss from underneath her cloak.—Chorus.
It's with this loaded binnderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold;
One hundred pounds he offered for his apprehension there,
And he, with horse and saddle, to the mountains then repaired.—Chorus.
Willie, being an outlaw upon the mountains high,
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length did say:
Ah! a false-hearted young woman did basely me betray.—Chorus.
In the county of Tipperary, in a place called Cloinmore,
Brennen and his comrade was made to suffer sore;
He lay amongst the briars, that grew thick upon the fields,
And he received nine wounds before that he would yield.—Chorus.
They were taken prisoners, in Iron they were bound,
Conveyed to Clonmell jail, and strong walls did them surround;
The jury found them guilty, the Judge made this reply:
For robbing on the Queen's highway, you're both condemned to die.—Chorus.
Farewell unto my wife, and you, my children three!
And you my aged father, that may shed tears for me.
And you, my loving mother, tore her gray locks and cried:
It were better, Willie Brennan, in your cradle Agall Chigh!—Chorus.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

By Samuel Lover.

Jist after the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys war all scattered and bato,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
 To hang him by thral—barrin' sich as was shot.
 There was tiffal by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial law hangin' the laves by night;
 It's them was hard times for an honest gosssoon.
 If he missed in the Judges he'd meet a diragoon;
 An' whether the sogers or Judges gev sentence,
 The devil a much time they allowed for repentance;
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin',
 Wid small share iv restin' or alfin' or sleepin';
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet.
 Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barracks, revenge for their pay;
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Gillingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light;
 And the keen-fanged hound had no teeth half so white;
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 An' for all that he was an ugly young b'y,
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
 Like a fire flash that crosses the depths of the night!
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen;
 In fadin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Maloney a foot;
 For lightness of foot there was not his peer,
 For, be gorral, he almost outrun the red deer;
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy; he done it so quare,
 An' be gorral the whole world giv into him there,
 An' it's he was the b'y that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
 An' it's many's the one can remember quite well
 The quare things he done; an' it's oft I hear tell
 How he frightened the nightstrates in Culribally,
 An' escaped through the sogers in Aherlow valleys;
 An' lathered the yeoman, himself ag'in four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
 After many a brave athruggle of power an' pible,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
 Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon;
 An' take your last look at her dim, lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the sheltering, far distant wood;
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
 Farewell to the pathrue, the hutlin' an' wake,
 An' farewell to the ghl that would die for your sake.
 An' twelve sogers brought him to Maryborough jail,
 An' the turnkey received him, refusin' all bail.
 The fleet limbs war chained, an' the strong hands war bound,
 An' he laid down his length on the cold prison ground;
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
 An' gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
 An' happy remembrances crowdin' on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes drift down on the river,
 Brungin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
 An' he sprang to his feet in his dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was moulderin' in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast;
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
 His bosom might hierl, but his cheek should be dry,
 For undaunted he lived, an' undaunted he'd die.
 Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
 The terrible day of the thral kem on;
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sogers on guard, an' diragoons, sword in hand;
 An' the Court House so full that the people were bothered,
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dand,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
 An' the Judge settled out so determined an' big,
 Wid his gown on his back, an' an illigant wig;
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said,
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
 An' he looks at the bars, so firm an' so strong.
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone;
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at last,
 But Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste.
 An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you please?"
 An' all held their breath in the silence of dread,
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer an' said:
 "My lord, if you ask me if in my lifetime
 I thought any thralson or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,

Before God and the world I would answer you, nol!
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foe,
 I answer you, yes! an' I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dry,
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, an' the jury smiled bright,
 An' the Judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
 Be me sowl, it's himself was the crabbed onid chap!
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the Judge with a pitiful cry:
 "Oh, Judge, darlin', don't! oh, don't say the word!
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord,
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
 You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to ruin!
 He's the kindest-hearted crathur, the tenderest-hearted,
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
 And God will forgive you—oh! don't say the word!"
 That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken.
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,
 The big tears war runnin' fast, one after th' other;
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake;
 But the strong, manly voice need to falther an' break;
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mountain pride,
 He conquered an' mastered his grief's swelling tide;
 An' says he, "Mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
 An', God knows, it's better than wand'ring in fear
 On the bleak, thrackless mountain, among the wild deer.
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart and breast
 From thought, labor and sorrow forever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more.
 Don't make me seem broken in this, my last hour;
 For I wish, when my head's lyn' undher the raven,
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
 Then toward the Judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the larks whistled merrily in the clear sky;
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
 What come they to talk of? What come they to see?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree?
 Oh, Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast,
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
 Pray fast an' pray ethrugg, for the moment is nigh
 When, athrugg, proud an' great as you are, you must die.
 An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses, an' gingerbread, just like a fair;
 An' whiskey was settin', and cussamuck, too,
 An' ould men an' young women enjoyin' the view;
 An' ould Tim Mulvaney, he med the remark,
 There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;
 An', be gorral, 'twas thrue for him, for devil sich a scrage,
 Sich divarasin' an' crowds, was known since the deluge;
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
 Waitin' till sich time as the hangin' id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
 An' out kem the sheriffs an' sogers in state,
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
 Not paker, but prouder than ever that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
 A wild, wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
 On—on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
 An' the cart an' the sogers go steadily on;
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart
 A wild, sorrowful sound that id open your heart.
 Now undher the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up wid the rope in his hand;
 An' the priest, havin' blessed him, goes down on the ground,
 An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round,
 Then the hangman threw near, and the people grew still.
 Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe iv the life-athrugglin' cord to prepare;
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
 But the good priest did more, for his hands he unbound,
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
 Bang—bang! go the carbines, and clashi go the saucers;
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
 Through the smoke an' the horses he's into the crowd,
 By the heavens, he's free!—than thunner more loud.
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken.
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', it's yourselves you must hang.
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherlow Gilly,
 And the devil's in the dico if you catch him ag'in.
 The sogers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat.
 An' the sheriffs were, both of them, punished severely,
 An' fined like the devil, because Jim done them fairly.

A week after this time, widout firin' a cannon,
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon;
 An' the Captain left word he was going to Cork,
 But the devil a bit—he was bound for New York.
 The very next spring, a bright mornin' in May—
 An' just six months after the great hangin' day—
 A leather was brought to the town of Kildare,
 An' on the outside was written out fair:
 "To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere."
 An' the inside began: "My dear, good ould mother,
 I'm safe an' I'm happy—an' not wishin' to bother
 You in radin'—with the help of the priest—

I send you enclosed in this letter, at least,
Enough to pay him an' fetch you away
To this land of sweet liberty—Amerikay!
Here you'll be happy an' never need cryin'
As long as you're mother of Shamus O'Brien.
Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware
Of that spatpen who calls himself "Lord of Kildare";
An' just say to the Judge, I don't now care a rap
For him or his wig or his dirty black cap.
An' as for the dhragoons—them paid men of slaughter—
Say I love them like the devil loves holy wather.
An' now, my good mother, one word of advice—
Fill your bag with potatoes an' bacon an' rice,
An' tell my sweet Biddy, the best way of all
Is now an' forever to leave ould Gilgall,
An' come with you, takin' a snug cabin berth;
An' bring us a sod of the ould shamrock earth;
An' when you start from ould Ireland, take passage at Cork,
An' come straight across to the town of New York;
An' there ask the Mayor the best way to go
To the town of Cincinnati—the State Ohio;
An' there you will find me, widout much tryin',
At "the Harp an' the Eagle," kept by Shamus O'Brien.

Little Four-Leaf Shamrock from Glenmore.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

It was on St. Patrick's cold and frosty morning
I was treading home across the barren moor;
I remember well my poor old mother's warning
When I left my little shamrock in Glenmore.

CHORUS.

Then it's here's to the king of flowers from Killarney,
You may never see the likes of it no more;
It grew upon the rocks of Irish Barrocy—
It's my little four-leaf shamrock from Glenmore.

Poor mother, she was old and daily failing;
She would oft speak to me of the days of yore;
And never in my life of long duration
Have I found the equal of my shamrock from Glenmore.—*Chorus.*
Now here's my joy, my little Irish token;
It's a treasure that I ever shall adore;
And never while away from ould Killarney,
Forget my little four-leaf shamrock from Glenmore.—*Chorus.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet or shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought, as we heaped his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'd reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

IRISH MOLLY O!

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town?
And like a ghout that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth; If more you wished to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!

CHORUS.

She's modest, mild and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for whoso'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"—*Chorus.*
MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"—*Chorus.*
"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine;
But now that she is lost to me, I must forever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"—*Chorus.*
"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave;
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so—
MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"—*Chorus.*

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem.
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

NORAH O'NEAL.

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Oh, I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal;
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
That I love you, sweet Norah O'Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh, don't think that ever I'll doubt you, my love I will never conceal;
I'm lonely to-night, love, without you, my darling, sweet Norah O'Neal.

Oh, the nightingale sings in the wildwood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Norah, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel;
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Norah O'Neal.—*Chorus.*
Oh, why should I weep tears of sorrow?
Oh, why let hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? oh, say will you meet me
With a kiss at the foot of the lane?
And I'll promise, whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.—*Chorus.*

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin
On him, who the brave sons of Uisne betray'd;
For every fond eye which he waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
By the red cloud that hung o'er Conor's dark dwelling,
When Uad's three companions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which, so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—
We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.
Yea, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall—
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Though the Last Glimpse of Erin with Sorrow I See.

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Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.
To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Conlin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the fogs we leave frowning behind.
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

YOU'LL SOON FORGET KATHLEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh! leave not your Kathleen, there's no one can cheer her,
Alone in the wide world, unpitied she'll sigh;
And scenes that were loveliest, when thou wert but near her,
Recall the sad visions of days long gone by.
'Tis vain that you tell me you'll never forget me,
To the land of the shamrock you'll ne'er return more;
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me;
You'll soon forget Kathleen and Erin-go-bragh.
Oh! leave not the land, the sweet land of your childhood,
Where joyously passed the first days of our youth,
Where joyously we wandered 'mid valley and wildwood;
Oh! these were the bright days of innocent truth.
'Tis vain that you tell me, etc.

HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

How oft has the banshee cried, how oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove, sweet bonds ent'ined by love!
Pence to each manly soul that sleepeth,
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave sigh o'er the hero's gravel
We're fallen upon gloomy days, 'twar after star decays,
Every bright name that shed light o'er the land is fled;
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joys or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear wept o'er a hero's bier.
Quenched are our beacon-lights—thou, of the hundred fights;
Thou, on whose burning tongue truth, peace and freedom hung.
Both mute, but long as valor shlieth,
On mercy's soul at war repineeth,
So long shall Erin's pride tell how they lived and died.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 49 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

MOTHER—Now what are you crying for, Nelly?
Don't be hinnerin' there like a fool—
With the weight o' the grief, faith, I tell you,
You'll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose now you're crying for Barney.
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say;
He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—
Sure, you know how he sav'd poor Kate Kearney.
DAUGHTER—But, mother— M.—Oh, bother!
D.—But, mother, he's going away, and I dream of the other night
Of his ghost all in white—oh, mother, he's going away.
M.—If he's goin' away, all the better—
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight;
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter, he
For yez neither can read or can write.
Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted fat Jenny McCray,
That the sight of the scamp you detested,
With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested.
D.—But, mother— M.—Oh, bother!
D.—But, mother, he's going away, and I dream of his ghost,
Walking 'round my bed post—oh, mother, he's going away!

GARRYOWEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 49 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Let Bacchus' son be not dismayed, but join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid to help me with the chorus:
CHORUS.
Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale, and pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debts shall go to jail from Garryowen in glory.
We are the boys that take delight in smashing the Limerick lights when lighting,
Through the streets like sportsmen fighting, and tearing all before us.—CHORUS.
We'll break windows, we'll break doors, the watch knock down by threes and fives
Then let the doctors work their cures and tinker up our bruises.—CHO. [Tons;
We'll beat the balliffs out of fun, we'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun, if he regards a whole skin.—CHORUS.
Our hearts so stout have got us fame, for soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name of Garryowen in glory.—CHORUS.
Johnny Cornell's tall and straight, and in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight from Garryowen to Thomond Gate.—CHORUS.
Garryowen is gone to wrack since Johnny Cornell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien lept over the rock in spite of all the soldiers.—CHORUS.

THE LIMERICK RACES.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs;
So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs.
Oh, murther! what a precious place and what a charming city,
Where the boys are all so free and the girls are all so pretty.
CHORUS.
Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, oh;
Musha ring a ding a da, ri too ral laddy, oh!
It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols;
I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling faces,
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.—CHORUS.
So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a couch and four I neatly took my place, sirs,
When a chap bawled out "behind!" and the coachman delt a blow, sirs;
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.—CHORUS.
So then I had to walk and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs;
It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story
The band struck up a tune, called "Garryowen and Glory."—CHORUS.
There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lassies dancing,
And chaps upon their nags, 'round the course sure they were prancing;
Some was drinking whiskey punch, while others bawled out gaily:
"Hurrah! then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelah."—CHORUS.
There were bettors to and fro, to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps, of course, came up to me, sirs;
Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute."
"Ah, then ten to one," says I, "the foremost horse will win it."—CHORUS.
When the players came to town, and a funny set was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play.
They acted kings and cobbiers, queens, and everything so gaily;
But I found myself at home when they struck up "Paddy Carey."—CHORUS.

HANDY ANDY.

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How are yez, nie friends? Sure, I hope you're all well;
My cruel misfortunes to you I will tell:
I was born on a Friday, that ill-omened day—
"He's a blundering blackguard," my father did say.

CHORUS.

Och hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy, when Andrew's my name?

My blunder the first, I remember it yet—
I was sent to the post office, letters to get.
"What name?" axed the clerk, as I looked at him sly;
"That's none o' yer business, ye blackguard," says I.—CHORUS.

One morning there lay about two feet o' snow;
Says my boss, "You must clear off the pavement, ye know."
He meant but the snow, but I cleared it complete,
By shovelling the bricks wid the snow in the street.—CHORUS.

One night I was waiter at a party so nice;
They told me to put the champagne in the ice.
I opened each bottle, and thought it all right—
In the ice water poured it and ruined it quite.—CHORUS.

Says they, "Ye young stupid, see what ye have done!
You've spoiled our champagne, likewise all our fun;
Go, bring in soda water." Says I, "Enough said."
Soap and water I brought, which they threw at my head.—CHORUS.

Next I hired with a farmer to work by the year;
One day he says, "Give the cows corn in the ear."
With shelled corn I filled up the ears of the cows,
When the farmer he kicked me straight out o' the house.—CHORUS.

One day a man led his horse up to a fence;
"Keep an eye on him," says he, "I'll give ye six pence."
But he never paid me, 'cause the horse took affright,
Though my eye was on him till he run out o' sight.—CHORUS.

Then a footman I was, to attend to the door,
Where I had to tell lies as I never did before.
"Is yer masher at home?" one wud ax wid a grin;
"No, he tould me to tell yez he wasn't just in."—CHORUS.

At last, then, I says to myself, "Andy, dear,
If ye wudn't be spiled, ye had better lave here."
Now I work at railroadin' and diggin' canals—
Au' when grog time comes 'round, I am there at roll-call.—CHORUS.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Deep in Canadian woods we've met, from one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty snail, while fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland, dear old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
We've heard her faults a hundred times, the new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes enlarged some fifty fold;
But take them all, the great and small, and this we've got to say:
Here's dear old Ireland, good old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
We know that brave and good men tried to snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died, and all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no: a glance will show how far they've won their way;
Here's good old Ireland, loved old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
We've seen the wedding and the wake, the pattern and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make, and the heads they break down there.
With a loud hurroo, and a phillalo, and a thundering "clear the way!"
Here's gay old Ireland, dear old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
And well we know, in the cool gray eves when the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet the friends who meet once more;
With "Mary Macree" and "My Pat 'tis he," and "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond old Ireland, dear old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
And happy and bright are the groups that pass for their peaceful homes for miles,
O'er fields and roads and hills to meet when Sunday morning smiles;
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel, when low they kneel and pray;
Oh, dear old Ireland, blest old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!
But deep in Canadian woods we've met, and never may see again
The dear old Isle where our hearts are set and our first fond hopes remain;
But come, fill up another cup, and with every sup let's say:
Here's loved old Ireland, good old Ireland; Ireland, boys, hurrah!

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

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My bark on the billow dashed gloriously on,
And glad were the notes of the sailor boy's song;
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
More dear than the flowers that Italy yields
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The stores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
Bloom the lilacs of France, and the olives of Spain;
When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The lilacs and roses abandon the plains,
Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains;
Like friend in misfortune 'till blossoms o'er the snow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

I sigh and I vow, if ever I get home,
No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

THE CROPPY BOY.

It was early in the spring,
The small birds whistled, sweet did sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree:
The song they sung was: Old Ireland free!

It was early last Thursday night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
When I was taken to Lord Cornwall.

It was in his guard-house where I was laid,
And in his parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed, and my spirits low,
When to New Guinea I was forced to go.

When I was marching through the street
The drums and fifes did play so sweet;
The drums and fifes did so sweetly play,
As we were marching so far away.

When I was marching past my father's door
My brother William stood on the floor;
My aged father did grieve full sore,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.
When my sister Mary heard the express
She ran down stairs in her morning dress,
Saying: "Five hundred guineas I would lay down
To see you march through Wexford town."

As I was marching through Wexford street
My sister Mary I chanced to meet;
That false young woman did me betray,
And for one guinea she swore my life away.
And when I am dead and taken to my grave,
A decent funeral, pray, let me have;
And over my head plant a laurel tree
In sweet remembrance, remembrance of me.

When I was marching o'er Wexford Hill,
Oh, who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind me, I looked before,
But my tender mother I ne'er saw more.

I chose the dark, I chose the blue,
I chose the pink and the orange, too;
I forsook all those and did them deny,
I wore the green, and for it I'd die.

When I was mounted on the gallows high
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was: The Cripple Boy.

It was in old Ireland this young man died,
And in old Ireland his body's laid;
All the good people that do pass by,
Say: "The Lord have mercy on the Cripple Boy!"

THE FENIAN'S ESCAPE.

Now, boys, if you will listen to the story I'll relate,
I'll tell you of the noble men who from the foe escaped;
Though bound with Saxon fetters in the dark Australian jail,
They struck a blow for freedom and for Yankee land set sail.
On the 17th of April last the stars and stripes did fly
On board the bark *Catalpa*, waving proudly to the sky;
She showed the green above the red, as she did calmly lay
Prepared to take the Fenian boys in safety o'er the sea.

When Breelin and brave Desmond brought the prisoners to the shore
They gave one shout for freedom—soon to bless them evermore—
And manned by gallant hearts, they pulled toward the Yankee flag,
For well they knew, from its proud folds no tyrant could them drag.
They have nearly reached in safety the *Catalpa*, tant and trin,
When, fast approaching them, they saw a vision dark and dim;
It was the steamer *Georgette*, and on her deck there stood
One hundred hired assassins to shed each patriot's blood.

The steamer reached the bounding bark and fired across her bow,
Then in loud voice commanded that the vessel should heave to;
But noble Captain Anthony in thunder tones did cry:
"You dare not fire a shot at that bright flag that floats on high;
My ship is sailing peacefully beneath that flag of stars,
It's manned by Irish hearts of oak and manly Yankee tars;
And that dear emblem at the fore, so plain now to be seen,
'Tis the banner I'll protect, old Ireland's flag of green."

The Britisher he sailed away—from the stars and stripes he ran—
He knew his chance was slim to fight the boys of Uncle Sam;
So Hogan, Wilson, Harrington, with Darragh off did go,
With Haseet and bold Cranston, soon to whip the Saxon foe.
Here's luck to that noble captain, who well these men did free,
He dared the English man-of-war to fight him on the sea;
And here's to that dear emblem which in triumph shall be seen,
The flag for which those patriots fought, dear Ireland's flag of green.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.

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Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her 'round the green isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

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She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are 'round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah, little they think who delight in their strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.
Oh, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THE TAN-YARD SIDE.

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I am a rambling hero, by love I am ensnared;
Near to the town of Bollinglaas there dwells a comely maid,
She's fairer than Diana bright, she's free from earthly pride,
She's a lovely maid—her dwelling place lies near the tan-yard side.
I stood in meditation, I viewed her o'er and o'er;
I thought she was Aurora bright, descending down so low.
"No, no, kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied;
"I labor daily for my bread down by the tan-yard side."

Her golden hair, in ringlets rare, hangs o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck;
Her two brown, sparkling eyes, and her teeth like ivory white,
Would make a man become her slave down by the tan-yard side.
For twelve long months we courted, till at length we did agree
For to acquaint her parents and married we would be;
Till at length her cruel father to me he proved unkind,
Which makes me sail across the seas and leave my true love behind.

Farewell, my aged parents, and to you I bid adieu;
I'm crossing the main ocean, dear, for the sake of you;
But if ever I return again I will make you my bride,
And I'll roll you in my arms down by the tan-yard side.

THE PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

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It being on a fine summer's morning,
As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,
I heard a fair maid sing most charming,
As she sat a-milking her cow;
Her voice was enchanting—melodious,
Which left me scarce able to go;
My heart it was soothed in solace,
By the pretty maid milking her cow.

With courtesy I did salute her:
"Good-morrow, most amiable maid,
I am your captive slave for the future."
"Kind sir, do not banter," she said,
"I am not such a precious rare jewel,
That I should enamour you so;
I am but a plain country girl,"
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"The Indies afford no such jewel,
So precious and transparent clear;
Oh, do not refuse to be my jewel,
But consent and love me, my dear.
Take pity and grant my desire,
And leave me no longer in woe;
Oh, love me, or else I'll expire,
Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir,
I never was a slave yet to love;
These emotions I cannot experience,
So, I pray, these affections remove.
To marry, I can assure you,
That state I will not undergo;
So, young man, I pray, you will excuse me,"
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"Had I the wealth of great Omar,
Or all on the African shore,
Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,
Or had I ten thousand times more;
Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,
And had I his genius also—
I'd rather live poor on a mountain,
With colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I beg you, withdraw and don't tease me,
I cannot consent unto thee;
I prefer to live single and airy
Till more of the world I see.
Now cares they would me embarrass,
Beelie, sir, my fortune is low;
Until I get rich I'll not marry,"
Said the colleen dhas cruthin amoe.

"A young maid is like a ship sailing;
She don't know how long she may steer,
For in every blast she is in danger,
So consent and love me, my dear.
For riches I care not a farthing,
Your affection I want, and no more;
In wedlock I wish to bind you,
Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander upon a distant shore,
Where lovely, fair and tender is she whom I adore;
May Heaven, its blessings sparing, on her bestow them free,
The lovely maid of Erin who sweetly sang to me.
Had fortune fixed my station in some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation, endowed with wealth and power;
That wealth and power sharing, my peerless queen should be,
The lovely maid of Erin who sweetly sang to me.
Although the restless ocean may long between us roar,
Yet, while my heart has motion, she'll lodge within its core;
For artless and endearing and mild and young is she,
That lovely maid of Erin that sweetly sang to me.
When fate gives intimation that my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation I'll lay me down and die;
Fond hope my bosom cheering, that I in Heaven shall see
The lovely maid of Erin that sweetly sang to me.

Emmet's Farewell to His True Love.

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Farewell, love, farewell, love; I now must leave you;
The pale moon is shining her last beam on me.
In truth, I do declare, I never deceived you,
For it's next to my heart is dear Erin and thee.
Draw near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,
And cherish the heart that beats only for thee;
And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewn, love,
For I'll die for my country, dear Erin, and thee.
Oh, never again in the moonlight we'll roam, love,
When the birds are at rest and the stars they do shine;
Oh, never again shall I kiss thy sweet lips, love,
Or wander by streamlets with thy hands pressed in mine.
Oh, should a mother's love make all others forsake me,
Oh, give me a promise before that I die,
That you'll come to my grave when all others forsake me,
And there with the soft winds breath sigh then for sigh.
My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look, love,
And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart;
Let thy ringlets fall on my face and brow, love,
Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.
Farewell, love, farewell, love; the words are now spoken;
The pale moon is shining her last beam on me.
Farewell, love, farewell, love; I hear the death token,
Never more in this world your Emmet you'll see.

NELL FLAUGHERTY'S DRAKE.

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My name it is Nell, right candid I tell,
And I live near a cool hill I never will deny;
I had a large drake, the truth for to spake,
My grandfather left me when going to die.
He was merry and sound and would weigh twenty pound,
The universe 'round would I rove for his sake;
Bad luck to the robber, he he drunken or sober,
That murdered Nell Flaugherly's beautiful drake.
His neck it was green and rare to be seen,
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree;
His body so white it would you delight,
He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
This dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
He could fly like a swallow or swim like a hake;
But some wicked habbage, to grease his white cabbage,
Has murdered Nell Flaugherly's drake.
May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
That a ghost may him haunt in the dark of the night;
May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh,
May his goat fly away like an old paper kite;
May his duck never quack, may his goose be turned black
And pull down his stack with her long yellow beak;
May the scurvy and icht never part from the brith
Of the wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherly's drake.
May his rooster ne'er crow, may his bellows not blow,
Nor potatoes to grow—may he never have none—
May his cradle not rock, may his chest have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to shade her back bone;
That the bugs and the fleas may this wicked wretch tease,
And a piercing north breeze make him tremble and shake;
May a four-year old bug build a nest in the lug
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaugherly's drake.
May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be broke,
And to add to the joke, may his kettle not boil;
May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
May he always be fed on lobscouse and fish oil;
May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
May he roar, howl and shout with a horrid toothache;
May his temple wear horns and his toes corns,
The wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherly's drake.
May his dog yelp and howl with both hunger and cold,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray;
May the curse of each hag that ever carried a bag
Light down on the wag till his head it turns gray;
May monkeys still bite him and mad dogs affright him,
And every one slight him, asleep or awake;
May wasps ever gnaw him and jackdaws ever claw him,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaugherly's drake.
But the only good news I have to diffuse
Is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade,
And crooked Ned Manson and big-nosed Bob Hanson,
Each one had a grandson of my beautiful drake.
Oh, my bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,
And one I must have, or my heart it will break,
To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,
And so ends the song of my beautiful drake.

RETURN OF PAT MALLOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

When landed safe in Dublin town I met a castle lunk;
The boots upon my feet he eyed, and the clothes upon my back.
He says: "You're from America, you look so neat and trim;
Just let me see your letters, sir?" I handed one to him.
He says: "It's from O'Mahony," and says I: "You funny elf,
'Tis a letter for my own sweet Moll I'm taking home myself."
He says: "You are a Fenian." Says I, "You're right, old boy;
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Malloy."
He had me then examined and he says: "My nice young man,
What brought you home to Ireland? Was it the Fenian plan?"
"The ship it brought me home," says I, "and Fenians all agree
That from sweet Athlone to Biarny Stone ould Ireland shall be free;
But was it not for Molly's eyes that's sticking in my heart,
An' me mother an' the childer, too, oh, sure they had their part;
I'll take them to America, and then look out my boy,
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Malloy."
But when I met my Molly dear she kissed me o'er and o'er,
She could not laugh for crying, as I gave her good galore.
"It's your own, my dearest Molly, for I knew you would prove true;
Every pound I sent my mother I put by two for you;
And now you have the shiners, Moll, and will you take myself?"
She blushed and whispered: "Yes, dear Pat, I'm yours, but not for self."
We got my mother's blessing, and it filled my heart with joy,
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Malloy.
Early the next morning, sure, we went to Father Boyce.
"That rib," says he, wid a wink at me, "It is a purty choice."
"And mighty strong it is," says I; "My heart, sure, knows it best;
Three years or more, with thimins galore, she made it thrash my breast.
These eyes are mighty killing, sir, but low they are my own;
For four long years, when far from home, they made me cry, och hone!
And now I ask your blessing, sir, for to complete my joy,
For ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Malloy."
Now my mother's in her rocking-chair, her childer pay the rint,
In New York, relieved from work, each happy hour is spint;
And, free from every toil and care, her heart is light and free;
She sings a good old Irish song, with young Pat on her knee.
And Molly, lovely Molly, sure, he is her heart's delight;
She sings and talks and plays with him, both morning, noon and night,
And says: "He's his daddy's picture," and she calls him her darling boy,
For he was born in ould Ireland, and his name it is Malloy.

GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

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There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland:
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.
This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.
This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Erin.

BARNEY O'HEA.

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Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
I know you won't, I know you won't;
Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
It makes me outrageous when you're so contubious,
You'd better look out for the stout Corney Creugh;
For he is the boy that believes I'm his joy,
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea.
Impudent Barney, none of your harney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
I hope you are not going to Brandon fair,
To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair;
For sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day;
So no one will be there, of me to take care,
And I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
When I got to the fair, sure, the first I met there,
The first I met there, the first I met there—
When I got to the fair, the first I met there
Was impudent Barney O'Hea.
He bothered and teased me, though somehow he pleased me,
Till at last—oh, the saints—what will poor Corney say?
But I think the boy's honest, so on Sunday I've promised,
For better or worse, to take Barney O'Hea.
Impudent Barney, so sweet was his barney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

THOSE SINGLE DAYS OF OLD.

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Those single days, or days of old, when I knew no care or strife,
Fortune-tellers false tales have told, when love made me a bride;
Soon I found love but a dream and marriage made love cold,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

Those single days, or days of old, when I knew no care or strife,
My whims and frets he humored, and all I did was right;
Now everything I do is wrong, he is distant, cross and cold,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

He always has an appointment made and an excuse to stay away,
He leaves me alone at night and leaves me alone all day;
He takes his love with him now, to another girl's house he goes,
How different I find wedded days to those single days of old.

My courage failed, my health gave way, he thought that I would die,
It brought the rover home again, with a tear in both his eyes;
His home he loves, he makes amends, he is scarce ever from my side—
How much more blessed are wedded days to those single days of old.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The red morn is up on the moss-covered mountain,
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love.

I ken there's the miller, with plenty o' siller,
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful e'e.
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me;
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me.

'Tis long since we trod o'er the highlands together,
Two frolicsome bairns, gayly starting the deer;
When I called her my wee wife, my ain bonny wee wife,
And ne'er was sic joys as when Mary was there.
For she is a blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I cherish and wear till I die;
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a guide wife to me;
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a guide wife to me.

THE GREEN LINNET.

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Curiosity bore a young native of Erin
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
When an empress he saw, and the robe she was wearing
All over with diamonds did shine.

A goddess in splendor was never yet seen
To equal this fair one so mild and serene.
In soft murmurs she says: My sweet linnet so green,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The cold, lofty Alps you freely went over,
Which nature had placed in your way,
That Marengo Saloney around you did hover,
And Paris did rejoice the next day.

It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you traveled all covered with snow;
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The crowned heads of Europe, when you were in splendor,
Fain would they have you submit;
But the Goddesses of Freedom soon bid them surrender,
And lowered the standard to your wit.

Old Frederick's colors in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing;
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,
Their malice you viewed with a smile;
Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,
And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile.
Like ravens for blood their vile passion did burn,
The orphans they slew and caused the widow to mourn;
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will return,
Is he gone—will I never see him more?

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding,
You marched to the North with good will;
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing
You used your exertion and skill.
You spread out the wings of your envied train,
While tyrants great Caesar's old nest set in flames;
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plains,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling
In every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpets true Frenchmen were calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow.
Usurper did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall,
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbor did call,
Are you gone—will I never see you more.

I'll roam through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
And yet find no cure for my pain;
Will I go and inquire in the isle of St. Helena?
No, we will whisper in vain.
Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time,
The nation I will range my sweet linnet to find;
Was he slain at Waterloo, on Elba, on the Rhine?
If he was—I will never see him more.

MOLLY BAWN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
Or lonely waiting here for you,
While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do?
The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you:
But their mother, nature, kept them sleeping,
With their rosy faces washed in dew.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And maybe you were made for mine.
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
He takes me for a thief, d'ye see?
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
And then transported I should be.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

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Bryan O'Lyinn was a Scotchman born,
His teeth they were long and his beard was unshorn,
His temples far out and his eyes were far in;
"I'm a beautiful creature," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

CHORUS.
"With my ranting, roaring, hoaring, boaring, screwing,
Gouging, arguing, malleting, chisellog, stokerlog,
Plastering, hammering, sailoring, wafering,
Capering, tinkering, soldiering, butchering,
With my three-handed four-ironed gouging pin,
I'm a beautiful creature," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no coat to put on,
He borrowed a goat-skin to make him one;
He planted the horns right under his chin,
"They'll answer for pistols," says Bryan O'Lyinn.—Chorus.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in;
"They're nice, light and cool," says Bryan O'Lyinn.—Chorus.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no watch for to wear,
So he got him a turnip and scoop'd it out fair,
He then put a cricket clane under the skin;
"They'll think it's a tickling," says Bryan O'Lyinn.—Chorus.

Bryan O'Lyinn he bought him a gun,
He planted the trigger right under his thumb;
He pulled the trigger, the gun gave a crack,
And knocked Bryan O'Lyinn on the broad of his back.—Chorus.

Bryan O'Lyinn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone;
"I'll put her behind as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Bryan O'Lyinn.—Chorus.

Bryan O'Lyinn and his wife and the mother
Were all going over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in;
"We'll find ground at the bottom," says Bryan O'Lyinn.—Chorus.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

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There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed when, at twilight, repairing
To wander alone by the wind-bent hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on its own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
A home and a country remains not for me.
Ah, never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin door, so fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and brothers did weep for its fall;
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my fathers, Erin-go-bragh.
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean;
And the harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, my avourneen, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on, and his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior bard, "though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least its right shall guard, one faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved he spoke again, for he tore its chords asunder,
And said: "No chains shall enslave thee, thou soul of love and bravery;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free, they shall never sound in slavery."

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

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Full often when our fathers saw the red above the green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and skian,
And over many a noble town and many a field of dead
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen—
The English red in triumph high above the Irish green;
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the green maintain its place above the English red.

And they who saw, in after times, the red above the green,
Were withered as the grass that lies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the green should flutter o'er the red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sank serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the red above the green;
And 'twas for this Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled,
Because their eyes were hot to see the green above the red.

So when the strife began again our darling Irish green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English red was seen;
Yet still we hold our fearless course, for something in us said,
Before the strife is o'er you'll see the green above the red.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English red below the Irish green;
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—the green above the red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the green and cotton to the red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And freely as we lift our hands we vow our blood to shed,
Once and forever more to raise the green above the red.

TIM FINIGAN'S WAKE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Tim Finigan lived in Walker street,
A gentleman Irishman—mighty odd—
He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world he carried a hod;
But you see he'd a sort of a tipping way—
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help through his work each day,
He'd a drop of the creator's every morrow.

CHORUS.

Whack, hurrah! blood and 'ounds, ye sowl ye!
Welt the flure, ye're trotters shake;
Isn't it the truth I've told ye?
Lots of fun at Finigan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles 'round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.—Chorus.

His friends assembled at his wake,
Mileens Finigan called out for the lunch;
First, they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and tobacco and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
Arrah! Tim, avonreen, an' why did ye die?"
"Och none of your gab," sez Judy Magee.—Chorus.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
"Arrah! Biddy," says she, "ye're wrong I'm sure."
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob,
And left her sprawling on the flure.
Each side in the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman and man to man;
Shillelah law was all the rage,
An' a bloody ruction soon began.—Chorus.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
It missed him, and, hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim.
Bedad, he revives! see how he raises!
An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathered around like blazes:
"Bad luck to yer souls, d'ye think I'm dead!"—Chorus.

OH, LEAVE NOT YOUR KATHLEEN.

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Oh, leave not your Kathleen to cross the dark sea,
For she will be lonely, she cares but for thee;
The scenes that were bright will fade from her view,
Oh, say you'll not leave me for scenes that are new.
Oh, why do you leave the land of your birth,
The sweet land of shamrock, the home of your youth?
'Tis an emerald that glistens in the bright sunlight's gleam,
When away you'll forget her and your darling, Kathleen.

Oh, leave not your Kathleen, your Colleen Bawn,
She'll be broken-hearted when from her you're gone;
Her eyes will grow dim, the smile lose its beam,
The blush on her fair cheek will lose its soft gleam.
Oh, stay by her side and pass the sweet hours,
Together we'll wander in Killarney's green bowers;
Oh, think not from Erin there's a far brighter scene,
And leave not her shores and your darling, Kathleen.

Oh, have you forgotten your own Colleen Bawn,
And the days when we strolled on the beach and the lawn?
'Twas then you first told me of love's winning powers,
When beside the still stream we plucked the wild flowers.
And now you would leave me to wander afar,
And forget your Kathleen and Erin-go-bragh;
No kind heart will cheer her if now we meet sever,
When you part from your Kathleen we're parted forever.

GOD, SAVE IRELAND.

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High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they meet him face to face, with the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
God, save Ireland! said the heroes; God, save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?
Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
God, save Ireland! said they proudly; God, save Ireland! said they all,
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?
Climbed they up the rugged stair, rung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast;
Close beneath the gallows tree, kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith, and freedom to the last.
God, save Ireland! said they proudly; God, save Ireland! said they all;
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?
Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause metest go, amidst joy or weal or woe,
'Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
God, save Ireland! say we proudly; God, save Ireland! say we all;
If upon the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

KERRY DANCE.

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Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing, oh, the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like youth, too soon.
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.

CHORUS.

Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears;
Oh, the days of Kerry dancing, oh, the ring of the piper's tune;
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like youth, too soon.

REFRAIN.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again.

Only dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear
Loving voices of old companions, stealing out of the past once more—
And the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days of yore,
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.—Chorus.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Elly More?
Or a prouder lad than Timmy, as he boldly took the floor?
"Lads and lasses to your places, up the middle, down again."
Ah, the merry-hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen.—Chorus.
I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills and o'er the moor that's sedgey;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled since I have parted with Peggy.
When I turn to view the place the tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace of the girl I left behind me.—Chorus.

The hours I remember well, when next to see doth move me;
The burning flames my heart doth tell, since first she owned she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay, several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well, though I left her far behind me.—Chorus.

The bees shall lavish, make no store, and the dove become a ranger;
The fallen water cease to roar, before I'll ever change her;
Each mutual promise faithfully made by her whom tears doth blind me,
And bless the hour I pass away with the girl I left behind me.—Chorus.

My mind her image full retains, whether asleep or waking;
I hope to see my jewel again, for her my heart is breaking;
But if ever I chance to go that way, and that she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay with the girl I left behind me.—Chorus.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The valley lay smiling before me
Where lately I left her behind,
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That saddened the joy of my mind;
I looked for the lamp which she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim returned,
But, though darkness began to unfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.
I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.
There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought;
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.
Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flash every sword to the hilt;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and gullit.

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Did ye's ever go into an Irishman's shanty?
Och, b'ys, that's the place where the whiskey is plenty;
Wid his pipe in his mouth there sits Paddy so free,
No king in his palace is prouder than he.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!
There's a three-legged stool, wid a table to match,
And the door of the shanty is locked with a latch;
There's a nate feather mattress, all bustin' wid straw,
For the want of a bedstead it lies on the floor.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!
There's a snug little bureau widout paint or gilt,
Made of boards that was left when the shanty was built;
There's a three-cornered mirror hangs up on the wall,
But niver a face has been in it at all.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!
He has pigs in the sty and a cow in the stable,
And he feeds them on scraps that is left from the table;
They'd starve if confined, so they roam at their ease,
And come into the shanty whenever they please.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!
He has three rooms in one—kitchen, bedroom and hall,
And his chest it is three wooden pegs in the wall;
Two suits of onld clothes makes his wardrobe complete,
One for wear in the shanty, the same in the street.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!
There is one who partakes of his sorrows and joys,
Attends to the shanty, the girls and the boys;
(The brats he thinks more of than gold that's refined),
But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

THE GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

In Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.
Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone.
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
"Oh, bitter," I said, "is a patriot's meed."
"For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone,
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown."
I was woken from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band who came into the home of the dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.
There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave;
And the children who thought me hard-hearted, for they
On that sanctified soil were forbidden to play.
But the old man who saw I was mourning there, said:
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid;
And we're going to raise him a monument, too,
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."
My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him and blessed every one of his band.
"Sweet, sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause and the man so long vanquished and slain."
In the Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave;
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom—
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

In the merry month of June, when first from home I started
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my tears and grief to smother;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblin;
With a pair of brand-new brogues I rattled o'er the bog—
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin.

The sleam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones,
But sure the luggage van was too much for my ha'pence;
For England I was bound, it would never do to hark it,
For every step of the road, bedad! says I, I'll walk it.
I did not sigh nor moan until I saw Alone;
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a-bubbling,
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, with spirits light and airy,
Took a drop of the pure to keep my spirits from sinking,
That's always an Irishman's cure, whenever he's troubled with thinking.
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At my comical style, set my heart a-bubbling;
They axed, if I was hired, the wages I required,
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city;
'Twas then I took a stroll, all among the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind—
No bundle could I find upon my stick a-wobbling;
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Cousinought brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

A coachman raised his hand as if myself was wanting,
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting;
"Step up, my boy!" says he. "Ah, ah! that I will with pleasure."
"And to the strawberry beds I'll drive you at your leisure."
"A strawberry bed?" says I, "faith, that would be too high;
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling."
He drove me out as far, upon an outside car—
Faith! such jolting never wor on the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay just as the ship was sailing;
The captain at me roared, swore that no room had he,
But when I leaped on board they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs I played such rummy rige,
Danced some hearty jigs, with water round me bubbling;
But when off Holyhead I wished that I was dead,
Or safely put in bed on the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

The boys in Liverpool, when on the dock I landed,
Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it,
My blood began to boil, my temper I was losing,
And poor old Erin's isle they all began abusing.
"Hurrah! my boys," says I, "my shillelah I let fly."
Some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobbie in,
Then with a loud hurrah! they joined me in the fray;
Faugh-a-ballagh! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.—Chorus.

There never was a Coward where the Shamrock Grows

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Let cowardly slanderers say what they may
Against the dear land of my birth,
But I will maintain, in spite of all foes,
It's the dearest green spot on the earth.
Some say we are cowards and fit for naught else
But drinking our home-made potheen;
But I'll throw back the villainous lie in their face—
We're as brave as the shamrock is green.

CHORUS.

Pat may be foolish, and very often wrong,
Pat's got a temper which don't last very long;
Pat is full of jollity, as everybody knows,
But there never was a coward where the shamrock grows.

Though oppressed and insulted for hundreds of years
By the foe who once conquered them, they
Have left us the courage our fathers had,
For that they cannot take away.
They kept learning from us, stole all we held dear,
And crushed us till others cried "shamel!"
But, in spite of it all, we have struggled to learn
That courage and wit are the same.—Chorus.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet, oh, I can tell, how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.
Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

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Oh, sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn
As it peeps through the curtain of night,
And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
While the stars seem to smile with delight;
Old nature now lingers in silent repose
And the sweet breath of summer is calm,
While I sit and wonder if Shamus e'er knows
How sad and unhappy I am.

CHORUS.

Oh, Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home?
You don't know how happy I'll be;
I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come,
And forever be happy with me.

I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
And I'll give you a kiss for a kiss;
And all the fond vows that I've made you I'll keep,
What more can I promise than this?
Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms,
That your heart will not leave it for me?
Oh, why did I let you get out of my arms,
Like a bird that was caged and is free?—Chorus.

Oh, Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind;
It was you who first took it, and can you forget
That love for another you'd find?
No, no; if you break it with sorrow and pain
I'll then have a duty to do;
If you'll bring it to me I'll mend it again,
And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.—Chorus.

THE TIPPERARY CHRISTENING.

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It was down in that place, Tipperary,
Where they're so airy and so contrary,
Where they kick up the devil's flarrie,
When they christened the beautiful boy,
In comes the piper, sot thinking
And a-winking and a-blinking,
And a noggin of punch he was drinking,
And wishing the parents great joy.
When home from the church they came,
Father Tom and old Mikey Branigan,
And scores of as pretty boys and girls
As ever you'd wish for to see;
When in through the door,
Hogan, the thinker, Lather and Lamgan,
Kicked up a row, and wanted to know
Why they wasn't asked to the spree.

Then the boy set up such a bawling
And such a squalling and caterwauling,
For he got such a mauling,
Oh, that was the day of great joy.
Then the piper set up such a mauling,
And such a droning and such a crouching,
In the corner his comether was tuning,
When they christened sweet Dennis, the boy.

The aristocracy came to the party,
There was McCarty, light and hearty,
With Florence B-delle-Fogarty,
Who said that was French for a name;
Dionysius Alphonso Mulrooney,
Oh, so spooney and so Rooney,
With the charming Evangeline Mooney,
Of society she was the cream.

Cora Teresa Maud McCann,
Angelina Rooke and Julia McCafferty,
Rignold Norman Duke, Morris McGan,
And Clarence Jenatus McGark;
Cornelius Horatio Finberry's wife,
Adolphus Grace and Dr. O'Rafferty,
Eva McLaughlin and Cora Muldoon,
And Brigadier-General Burke.

They were dancing the polka-mazurka,
'Twas a worker, not a shirker,
And a voice of Vicuna, la Turker,
And the polka-redowa divine;
After dancing they went in to luncheon,
Oh, such munching and such crum-ching,
They were busy as bees at a luncheon,
With their coffee, tea, whiskey and wine.

They had all kinds of tea, they had Shoo-shong,
They had Ning-nong and Drink-dong,
With Oolong and Boolog and Toolong,
And tea that were made in Japan;
They had sweetmeats, imported from Java,
And from Yonver and from Havre,
In the four-masted steamer *Manarver*,
That sails from beyond Hindoostan.

Cold ice cream and cream that was hot,
Romeo punch, snowball and sparrowgrass,
Patty D. Foy, whatever that means,
Made out of goose-liver and grease;
Red-headed duck, salmon and peas,
Bandy-legged frogs, Peruvian ostriches,
Bottled noix, woodcock and snipe,
And everything that would please.

After dinner, of course, there was speaking,
And hand-shaking and leave-taking,
In the corners old mothers match-making,
And other such innocent sine;
Then they bid a good-bye to each other,
To each mother and each brother;
When the last rose I thought I would smother,
When they wished the next would be twins.

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

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Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the Western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shiling.
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

As beauteous as Flora is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare;
I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly 'twould grieve her
To find that I sighed for another less fair.

CHORUS.

Her heart with truth teeming, her eye with smiles beaming;
What mortal could injure a blossom so fair,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare;
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.—Chorus.

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

It was on a summer morning, all in the month of May,
Down by yon flowery garden, where Betsey she did stray;
I overheard a dandel in sorrow to complain,
All for her absent lover that plows the raging main.

I went up to this fair maid and put her in surprise;
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise.
Said I: "My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,
How far do you travel this dark and rainy night?"

"The way, kind sir, to Claudy, if you please to show;
Pity a maid distracted, for I have to go;
I am in search of a faithless young man, Johnny is his name,
Ail on the banks of Claudy I am told he does remain.

If Johnny was here this night he would keep me from all harm,
He's in the field of battle all in his uniform;
And he's in the field of battle, his foes he will destroy,
Like a ruling king of honor he fought in the wars of Troy."

"It's six weeks and better since your true love left the shore;
He is cruising the wide ocean where foaming billows roar;
He is cruising the wide ocean for honor and for gain;
I was told the ship was wrecked all off the coast of Spain.

When she heard the dreadful news she fell into despair,
To wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair,
Since he has gone and left me, no man I will take;
In some lonely valley I will wander for his sake."

His heart was filled with joy, no longer he could stand;
He flew into her arms, saying: "Betsey, I am man;
I am the faithless young man whom you thought was slain,
And since we are met on Claudy's banks we'll never part again."

RORY O'MORE.

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Young Rory O'More courted young Kathleen Bawn.
He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the daws;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about—
Faith! you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go—
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear;
Oh, jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste—
So, I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm 'round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
There's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

One evening, so late, as I rambled
On the banks of a clear purling stream,
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses,
And so gently fell into a dream.
I dreamt I beheld a fair female,
Her equals I ne'er saw before,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.
I quickly addressed this fair female:
"My jewel, come tell me your name,
For here in this country, I know, you're a stranger,
Or I would not have asked you the same."
She resembled the Goddess of Liberty,
And of freedom the mantle she wore,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.
"I know you're a true son to Grannie,
And my secrets to you I'll unfold,
For here in the midst of all dangers,
Not knowing my friends from my foes.
I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
And from England I lately came o'er;
I've come to awaken my brethren
That slumber on Erin's green shore."
Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds,
Or the stars of a cold frosty night;
Her cheeks were two blooming roses,
And her teeth of the ivory so white.
She resembled the Goddess of Freedom,
And green was the mantle she wore,
Bound 'round with the shamrock and roses
That grew along Erin's green shore.
In transports of joy I awoke,
And found I had been in a dream,
For this beautiful dame had fed me,
And I longed to slumber again.
May the heavens above be her guardian,
For I know I shall see her no more;
May the sunbeams of glory shine o'er her,
As she strays along Erin's green shore.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

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Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going 'round?
The shamrock is forbid, by laws, to grow on Irish ground;
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.
Oh, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he says: How is poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.
And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
Then take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
It will take root and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in the summer time their verdure do not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen—
But till that day, plaze God! I'll stick to the wearing of the green.
But if, at last, her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal, in the light of freedom's day.
Oh, Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing in a strange and happy land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom is never to be seen,
But where, thank God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

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I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning long ago, when first you were my bride:
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary, and the love light in your eye.
The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words you never more may speak.
'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary, and my step may break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep with your baby on your breast.
I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love them better far, the few Our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.
I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sunshine's always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as far.
And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and bright May morn, when first you were my bride.

THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh, promise to meet me when twilight is falling
Beside the dark waters that slumber so fair;
Each bird in the meadow your name will be calling,
And every sweet rosebud will look for you there.
It's morning and evening for you I am sighing,
The heart in my bosom is yours evermore;
I'll watch for you, darling, when daylight is dying,
Sweet rose of Killarney, mavourneen ashore.
My heart is a nest that is robbed and forsaken,
When gone from my sight is the girl that I love;
One word from your lips can my gladness awaken,
Your smile is the smile of the angels above.
Then meet me at twilight beside the bright waters,
The love that I've told you I'd whisper once more;
Oh, sweetest and fairest of Erin's fair daughters,
Dear rose of Killarney, mavourneen ashore.

PAT MALLOY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy;
She kept a little huckster shop, her name it was Malloy;
"I've fourteen children, Pat," says she, "which heaven to me has sent,
But children ain't like pigs, you know—they can't pay the rent."
She gave me every shilling there was in the till,
And kissed me fifty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill;
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," said she, "and don't forget, my boy,
That old Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Malloy."
Oh, England is a purty place, of gold there is no lack;
I nudged from York to London with me scythe upon me back.
The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline;
The eating and the drinking, too, are beautiful and fine.
But in a corner of me heart, which nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue are always peeping out at me.
Oh, Molly, darlin', never fear, I'm still your own dear boy—
Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.
From Ireland to America across the seas I roam,
And every shilling that I got, ah, sure I sent it home;
Me mother couldn't write, but, oh, there came from Father Boyce:
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she, "I hear me mother's voice.
But now I'm going home again, as poor as I begun,
To make a happy girl of Moll, and, sure, I think I can;
Me pockets they are empty, but me heart is filled with joy,
For old Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

THE IRISH STRANGER.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That's wandered thus far from his home;
I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,
But know not which way for to roam.
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's bowers,
For bigotry hath trampled her sweetest of flowers,
That gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours;
They are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.
With wonder I gazed on yon proud, lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose from the lord;
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding
Its choicest of fruits for its board.
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I did spend many a long happy day?
Alas! has his lordship contrived it away?
Yes, it's gone and I'll ne'er see it more.
When nature was seen on the sole bush and bramble,
Sit smiling in beautiful bloom,
O'er the fields without danger I used to ramble,
And lavish amidst her perfume.
Or range through the woods where the gay-feathered throng
Did joyfully sing their loud-echoing song.
The days then of summer passed swiftly along,
Now they are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.
When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes,
I've gathered them off without harm,
And gone to the fields where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm:
Or I've sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight;
Those tales gave me pleasure, I could them invite,
Now they are gone—shall I ne'er see them more?
But, Erin, and Erin, it grieves me to ponder
On the wrongs of thy injured Isle;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring, to wander
On shores far away in exile.
But give me the power to cross o'er the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain;
I'm only lamenting whilst here I remain
For the joys that I'll ne'er see more.
Farewell then to Erin and those I left weeping
Upon her disconsolate shore;
Farewell to the grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I still dearly adore;
Farewell to each pleasure I once had at home,
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam.
Oh, give me my past joys or give me a tomb,
Yes, in pity I ask for no more.

NOW THEN, MOLLY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I live with my granny, in a pretty home,
Down a rustic dell, where the gypsies roam;
I've got a young man who lives down our way,
And when he takes me for a walk, you'll hear my granny say:

CHORUS.

"Now then, Molly, don't stay late;
Don't stand talking at the old toll-gate;
Now then, Molly, be home at nine,
For courting after nine o'clock is all moonshine."

His name is Barney Riley, I meet him in Armagh,
He often takes me for a drive in his jaunting car;
But it is really annoying whenever we go out,
To see my granny at the gate and hear her loudly shout:—*Chorus.*
There's going to be a wedding, soon I'll be his own,
For Barney is going to marry sweet Molly Malone;
Oh! won't it be so jolly, the bells will ring, of course,
And then my dear old granny may holla till she is hoarse:—*Chorus.*

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Come all you true-born Irishmen, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines you hear;
It's of a true story as ever you did hear—
It's about Donnelly and Cooper, that fought all on Kildare.

'Twas on the 3d of June, brave boys, this challenge sent o'er,
From Britanna to old Grauna, to renew her sons once more;
To renew her satisfaction, and her credit to recall,
For they're all in deep distraction since Donnelly conquered all.

Old Grauna read the challenge received, and she smiled,
Saying, "You'd better hasten to Kildare, my well beloved child.
'There you will reign victorious, which you often did before,
And your deeds will shine so gloriously around old Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted; these heroes did prepare
To meet, brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare;
When these two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
They both were still determined on each other's blood to spill.

From 6 to 9, parried their time, till Donnelly knocked him down,
Old Grauna smiled: Well done, my child; that is ten thousand pounds!
The second round that Cooper fought, he knocked down Donnelly,
Likewise true game was Donnelly, he rose most furiously.

Right active then was Cooper—he knocked Donnelly down again;
Those Englishmen then gave three cheers, saying: "the battle's all in vain."
Long life to brave M as Kelly, she's recorded on the plain;
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying, "Dan, my boy, what do you name?
My Irish boy," she said, "my whole estate I've bet on you, brave Donnelly."

Donnelly rose again, and meeting with great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight;
Cooper stood in his own defence; exertion proved in vain,
He soon received a temple blow that knocked him on the plain.

Now you sons of proud Britanna, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper now, by Donnelly, he met a sad downfall,
Out of eleven rounds gave nine knock-downs and broke his jaw-bone,
"Shake hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle's all our own."

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee;

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;

When proudly, my own island harp, I unbanned thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.

The warm ray of love and light note of gladness

Have awakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill,

But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,

That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers,

This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;

Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,

Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,

Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;

I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,

And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows;

The river Shannon, full of fish, through that city flows;

But 'tis not the river or fish that weighs upon my mind,

Nor with the town of Limerick I've any fault to find—Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful and soft-eyed as the fawn;

She lives in Garryowen, and is called the Colleen Bawn.

And proudly as that river flows through that famed city,

As proudly, and without a word, that colleen goes by me.

If I was made the Emperor of Russia to command,

Or Julius Cæsar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,

I'd give my plate and golden sword, I'd give up my army;

The horse, the rifle, and the foot, and the Royal Artillery.

I'd give the crown from off my head, my people on their knees,

I'd give the fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas.

A beggar I would go to bed, and happy rise at dawn,

If by my side, for my sweet bride, I had found my Colleen Bawn.

FATHER TOM O'NEIL.

There was a woman lived in this place, she had three charming sons,
Their father died and left them when very young;
A long time she endeavored to maintain her darling sons,
Until the youngest one became a man at the age of twenty-one.

One night he discoursed with his mother, these words to her did say:

I think it will fall on one of us to go far away;

Your land is too small to support us all, and if you would agree,

I am fully bent and well content a clergyman to be.

His mother being glad to hear such a thought come in his mind,

She says: I will do all I can to help my darling child,

She spoke unto his brothers, and they did soon agree,

They'd send him off to college a clergyman to be.

He was not long in college when the Rev. Bishop Brown

Came to examine the collegians and viewed them all around.

He saw this clever young man, marked him above them all—

He was the first he did discourse when on them he did call.

He says: Young man, where are you from? come, tell me your name.

I am from the County Armagh, they call me Tom O'Neill;

My mother she is a widow of a low degree;

She has done her best endeavors to make a priest of me.

As Thomas O'Neill then is your name, the Bishop he did say:

Go, study hard, both night and day,

I will have you soon ordained, to help your mother that did so well for thee;

I will send you home a credit, your country boys to see.

When this young man came home ordained, the neighbors were glad to hear,

And all that came to welcome him, came in twos and threes;

Particularly his own dear friends to welcome him they ran,

And you never saw such welcome as was for the widow's son.

There was a man living in this place, he was as rich as a duke or knight;

He had an only daughter, she was a beauty bright.

She says unto her father: I will go this young man to see,

For, before he went to college, he was a school-boy along with me.

She was brought into a parlor, where she drank ale and wine;

She says: You are a clever young man, I would have you resign;

What made you be a clergyman? you know you are astray,

For a clergyman must rise by night, and travel hard by day.

Come take some noble lady, whose fortune will be grand;

You will have men to wait on you, and be a gentleman.

Come take myself now, as I stand; you know my fortune is great:

I have ten thousand pounds a year, and, at death, a whole estate.

He says: My noble lady, do not explain your mind,

For if you offer ten times more, I would not resign;

For in this holy station I mean to lead my life;

So say no more, my dearest dear, I will never take a wife.

It was when he did deny her, this villain, she came home,

And, in eight weeks after, her secret she let know;

She swore before the magistrate that he did her beguile;

And for four long weeks before she went to him she was with child.

The morning of his trial, it grieved our heart full sore

To see his tender mother; it grieved her ten times more

To see her son, a clergyman, his age about twenty-three,

To be cut down, in his prime, by cruel perjury.

Now, Tom, what is the reason you don't marry this fair?

I think she is a companion for a duke, I declare.

What are you but a widow's son, that is both poor and mean?

You might think it a great honor such a lady to obtain.

Then Father Tom stood up and said: I have no witness here.

I call on the Almighty, and he will make me clear:

I never said I would marry her, or make her my wife,

For I never knew a female from a man in all my life.

Now, Tom, as you won't marry her, I will give you to understand,

Seven long years transportation into Van Dieman's Land;

That is bad, but it might be worse. Then Father Tom did say:

Our Saviour suffered more than that when he died on Calvary.

These words were hardly spoken, when a horse came as swift as wind,

And on him came a rider, saying: I was not here in time;

I call that trial over again—I am here that can reply;

She wants two fathers for her child—that's Father Tom and I.

I can tell the very moment, likewise the very spot,

She gave me ten thousand pounds the night the child was got.

She said she would give me a thousand more if I would not let on;

She wants to make a husband of the Right Reverend Father Tom.

Then Father Tom put on his hat and then began to smile;

He says unto his mother: You see how God assists your child;

They looked on one another, when they found her perjury;

The villain was found guilty, and his reverence came home free.

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

'Twas a cold winter's night and the tempest was earlily,

The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty;

When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',

And tapped at the window where Katty did lie.

"Arrah! Jewel, said he: 'are ye sleepin' or waklin'?"

The night's cold an' my coat it is thin:

Oh! the storm 'tis a-brewin', the frost it is bakin',

Oh! Katty Avourneen, you must let me in."

"Arrah Barney," cried she, an' she spoke thro' a window;

"Ah! would you be takin' me out of my bed?"

To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too;

It's whiskey, not love, that's got into your head.

If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender;

Consider the time, an' there's nobody in;

Oh! what has a poor girl but her name to defend her,

No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"Ah! cushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain,

That weeps for the wrong it might lay at your door;

Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,

And Barney would die to preserve it as pure;

I will go to my home, though the winter winds face me,

I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within;

An' the words of my Kathleen will comfort and bless me;

Oh! Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

JENNIE, THE FLOWER OF KILDARE.

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I'm thinking of Erin to-night,
And the little white cot by the sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells,
The fairest and dearest to me.
I know that she waits for me day after day,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own—
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

CHORUS.

I know that she's waiting for me, my heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own—sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

I'm waiting her sweet face to see,
While we're parted I linger in pain;
But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the sea I'll be smiling again.
Again her sweet kisses of love to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
To meet her, my darling, my own—
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.—Chorus.

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

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Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the hunter does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
While I, more blest than they, spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Oh, my smiling little crooskeen lawn.
Leante ruma crooskeen, sleante gar, mavourneen;
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban, bun, ban,
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban.

In court with manly grace, should Sir Toby plaid his case,
And the merits of his cause made known;
Without his cheerful glass he'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn;
But if we can't remain, may we shortly meet again
To fill another crooskeen lawn.

And when grim death appears after few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say: Begone, you slave, for great Bacchus gives me leave
Just to fill another crooskeen lawn.

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

My Connor's cheeks are as ruddy as morn,
The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth;
While nature with ringlets his mild brow adorn,
His hair's cupid's bow strings, and roses his breath.

CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft o'er the mountain we've strayed;
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I've listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift can flee o'er the mountain,
No Briton bolder 'midst danger or scorn;
He's sightly, he's rightly, he's as clear as the fountain,
His eye's twinkling love, and he's gone to the war.—Chorus.

The soft tuning lark its notes shall cease to mourning,
The dull screaming owl shall cease its night's sleep;
While seeking lone walks in the shades of the evening,
If my Connor return not, I'll ne'er cease to weep.—Chorus.

The war is all over, and my love is not returning,
I fear that some envious plot has been laid;
Or some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left me to mourn here, a dear Irish maid.

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Farewell to the dear land I leave far behind,
Farewell to my father, although he be blind;
Shall I ever forget him, while my heart beats with joy?
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy.

When I came to this country I had brogues on my feet
And corduroy breeches, although I looked neat;
Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy.

There is one they'll remember and never forget,
'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette,
Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,
For he dearly loved freedom and Washington's name.

I'll send for my parents, and they will come here,
To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear;
For I know they will bless me, while their hearts beat with joy,
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy.

There's the land of my kindred I'll never forget,
For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;
Would to God it were now, for 'twould give me great joy
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

It was one fine morning for soft recreation,
I heard a fair damsel making a sad moan;
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
Saying my Blackbird most royal has flown.

My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it grieves me,
And I am o'erburdened with sad misery;
But if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,
My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.

But, oh, that false fortune has proved so uncertain,
That caused the parting between you and me;
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
When he was the most noble and generous of heart;
But woe to the time when he arrives there,
Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.

In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
In England he seems but a stranger to me;
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
All blessings on my Blackbird wherever he be.

But if by the fowler my Blackbird is taken,
Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,
I hope I will see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest they all flock together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove;
So I'm resolved, in fair or foul weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.

Oh, he is my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
He's justly beloved, though my heart follow thee;
How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
Deserving of blessing wherever he be.

It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;
For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
More than from one that in Britain was born.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

With a deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And then grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
While thy bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine.
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
With symbols glorious, swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter,
Flinging o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tow'r and kloek O,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tap'ring summit of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an emblem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

NO IRISH WANTED HERE.

Oh, I'm an Irish laborer, I'm hardy, stout and strong,
And idleness I never loved, to my race it don't belong;
I've still the strength and will to toil, for the wants of life are dear,
But told, whenever I ask for work, no Irish wanted here.

CHORUS.

You might think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
To me it is a blessing to be called an Irishman;
For I may live to see the day, 'twill come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives place to sense and you'll welcome Irish here.

When your country was in danger a few short years ago,
You were not so particular about who would fight the foe;
When men were needed for the ranks to preserve rights so dear,
Among the bravest of the brave it was, Irish wanted here.—Chorus.

For generous hearts and charity you may search the world around;
Poor Paddy's hospitality, sure, its like was never found.
He'd give the clothes from his back, his blood for friends so dear;
But prejudice and envy vile says, no Irish wanted here.—Chorus.

Oh, let your heart be kind and just, and help Paddy from the wall,
For God in heaven made the world, with lots of room for all;
Let's stretch our hands across the sea, that green old Isle so dear,
And give the Irish girls and boys glad welcome over here.—Chorus.

NOW THEN, MOLLY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I live with my granny, in a pretty home,
Down a rustic dell, where the gypsies roam;
I've got a young man who lives down our way,
And when he takes me for a walk, you'll hear my granny say:

CHORUS.

"Now then, Molly, don't stay late;
Don't stand talking at the old toll-gate;
Now then, Molly, be home at nine,
For courting after nine o'clock is all moonshine."

His name is Barney Riley, I meet him in Armagh,
He often takes me for a drive in his janniting car;
But it is really annoying whenever we go out,
To see my granny at the gate and hear her loudly shout:—*Chorus.*

There's going to be a wedding, soon I'll be his own,
For Barney is going to marry sweet Molly Malone;
Oh! won't it be so jolly, the bells will ring, of course,
And then my dear old granny may holla till she is hoarse:—*Chorus.*

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Come all you true-born Irishmen, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines you hear;
It's of a true story as ever you did hear—
It's about Donnelly and Cooper, that fought all on Kildare.

'Twas on the 3d of June, brave boys, this challenge sent o'er,
From Britania to old Grauna, to renew her sons once more;
To renew her satisfaction, and her credit to recall,
For they're all in deep distraction since Donnelly conquered all.

Old Grauna read the challenge received, and she smiled,
Saying, "You'd better hasten to Kildare, my well beloved child.
There you will reign victorious, which you often did before,
And your deeds will shine so gloriously around old Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted; these heroes did prepare
To meet, brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare;
When these two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
They both were still determined on each other's blood to spill.
From 6 to 9, parried their time, till Donnelly knocked him down,
Old Grauna smiled: Well done, my child; that is ten thousand pounds!
The second round that Cooper fought, he knocked down Donnelly,
Likewise true game was Donnelly, he rose most furiously.
Right active then was Cooper—he knocked Donnelly down again;
Those Englishmen then gave three cheers, saying: "the battle's all in vain."
Long life to brave M as Kelly, she a recorded on the plain:
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying, "Dan, my boy, what do you mane?
My Irish boy," she said, "my whole estate I've bet on you, brave Donnelly."

Donnelly rose again, and meeting with great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight;
Cooper stood in his own defence; exertion proved in vain,
He soon received a temple blow that knocked him on the plain.

Now you sons of proud Britania, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper now, by Donnelly, he met a sad downfall,
Out of eleven rounds gave nine knock-downs and broke his jaw-bone,
"Shake hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle's all our own."

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbowed thee,
And gave all thy chorists to light, freedom and song.
The warm lay of love and light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill,
But so oft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
Have throbbled at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows;
The river Shannon, full of fish, through that city flows;
But 'tis not the river or fish that weighs upon my mind,
Nor with the town of Limerick I've any fault to find—Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful and soft-eyed as the fawn;
She lives in Garryowen, and is called the Colleen Bawn.
And proudly as that river flows through that famed city,
As proudly, and without a word, that colleen goes by me.

If I was made the Emperor of Russia to command,
Or Julius Caesar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,
I'd give my plate and golden store, I'd give up my army;
The horses, the rifles, and the foot, and the Royal Artillery.

I'd give the crown from off my head, my people on their knees,
I'd give the fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas.
A beggar I would go to bed, and happy rise at dawn,
If by my side, for my sweet bride, I had found my Colleen Bawn.

FATHER TOM O'NEIL.

There was a woman lived in this place, she had three charming sons,
Their father died and left them when very young;
A long time she endeavored to maintain her darling sons,
Until the youngest one became a man at the age of twenty-one.
One night he discoursed with his mother, these words to her did say:
I think it will fall on one of us to go far away;
Your land is too small to support us all, and if you would agree,
I am fully bent and well content a clergyman to be.

His mother being glad to hear such a thought come in his mind,
She says: I will do all I can to help my darling child.
She spoke unto his brothers, and they did soon agree,
They'd send him off to college a clergyman to be.

He was not long in college when the Rev. Bishop Brown
Came to examine the collegians and viewed them all around.
He saw this clever young man, marked him above them all—
He was the first he did discourse when on them he did call.

He says: Young man, where are you from? come, tell me your name.
I am from the County Armagh, they call me Tom O'Neill;
My mother she is a widow of a low degree;
She has done her best endeavors to make a priest of me.

As Thomas O'Neill then is your name, the Bishop he did say:
Go, study hard, both night and day,
I will have you soon ordained, to help your mother that did so well for thee;
I will send you home a credit, your country boys to see.

When this young man came home ordained, the neighbors were glad to hear,
And all that came to welcome him, came in twos and threes;
Particularly his own dear friends to welcome him they ran,
And you never saw such welcome as was for the widow's son.

There was a man living in this place, he was as rich as a duke or knight;
He had an only daughter, she was a beauty bright.
She says unto her father: I will go this young man to see,
For, before he went to college, he was a schoolboy along with me.

She was brought into a parlor, where she drank ale and wine;
She says: You are a clever young man, I would have you resign;
What made you be a clergyman? you know you are astray,
For a clergyman must rise by night, and travel hard by day.

Come take some noble lady, whose fortune will be grand;
You will have men to wait on you, and be a gentleman;
Come take myself now, as I stand; you know my fortune is great:
I have ten thousand pounds a year, and, at death, a whole estate.

He says: My noble lady, do not explain your mind,
For if you offer ten times more, I would not resign;
For in this holy station I mean to lead my life;
So say no more, my dearest dear, I will never take a wife.

It was when he did deny her, this villain, she came home,
And, in eight weeks after, her secret she let know;
She swore before the magistrate that he did her beguile;
And for four long weeks before she went to him she was with child.

The morning of his trial, it grieved our heart full sore
To see his tender mother: it grieved her ten times more
To see her son, a clergyman, his age about twenty-three,
To be cut down, in his prime, by cruel perjury.

Now, Tom, what is the reason you don't marry this fair?
I think she is a companion for a duke, I declare.
What are you but a widow's son, that is both poor and mean?
You might think it a great honor such a lady to obtain.

Then Father Tom stood up and said: I have no witness here.
I call on the Almighty, and he will make me clear;
I never said I would marry her, or make her my wife,
For I never knew a female from a man in all my life.

Now, Tom, as you won't marry her, I will give you to understand,
Seven long years transportation into Van Dieman's Land;
That is bad, but it might be worse. Then Father Tom did say:
Our Saviour suffered more than that when he died on Calvary.

These words were hardly spoken, when a horse came as swift as wind,
And on him came a rider, saying: I was not here in time;
I call that trial over again—I am here that can reply:
She wants two fathers for her child—that's Father Tom and I.

I can tell the very moment, likewise the very spot,
She gave me ten thousand pounds the night the child was got.
She said she would give me a thousand more if I would not let on;
She wants to make a husband of the Right Reverend Father Tom.

Then Father Tom put on his hat and then began to smile;
He says unto his mother: You see how God asslets your child;
They looked on one another, when they found her perjury;
The villain was found guilty, and his reverence came home free.

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

'Twas a cold winter's night and the tempest was snarlin',
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty;
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapped at the window where Katty did lie.
"Arrah! jewel," said he, "are ye sleepin' or wakin'?"
The night's cold an' my coat it is thin:
Oh! the storm 'tis a-brewin', the frost it is bakin',
Oh! Katty Avourneen, you must let me in."

"Arrah Barney," cried she, an' she spoke thro' a window;
"Ah! would you be takin' me out of my bed?
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too;
It's whiskey, not love, that's got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender;
Consider the time, an' there's nobody in;
Oh! what has a poor girl but her name to defend her,
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"Ah! cushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong it might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure;
I will go to my home, though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within;
An' the words of my Kathleen will comfort and bless me;
Oh! Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

JENNIE, THE FLOWER OF KILDARE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

I'm thinking of Erin to-night,
And the little white cot by the sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells,
The fairest and dearest to me.
I know that she waits for me day after day,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own—
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

CHORUS.

I know that she's waiting for me, my heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own—sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

I'm waiting her sweet face to see,
While we're parted I linger in pain;
But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the sea I'll be sailing again.
Again her sweet kisses of love to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
To meet her, my darling, my own—
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.—Chorus.

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the hunter does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
While I, more blest than they, spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Oh, my smiling little crooskeen lawn.
Leante rama crooskeen, slante gar, mavourneen;
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban, ban, ban,
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban.

In court with manly grace, should Sir Toby plaid his case,
And the merits of his cause made known;
Without his cheerful glass he'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn;
But if we can't remain, may we shortly meet again
To fill another crooskeen lawn.

And when grim death appears after few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say: Begone, you slave, for great Bacchus gives me leave
Just to fill another crooskeen lawn.

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

My Connor's cheeks are as ruddy as morn,
The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth;
While nature with ringlets his mild brow adorn,
His hair's cupid's bow strings, and roses his breath.

CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft o'er the mountain we've strayed;
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I've listened all day to my dear Irish boy.
No roebuck more swift can flee o'er the mountain,
No Briton bolder 'midst danger or scar;
He's sightly, he's rightly, he's as clear as the fountain,
His eye's twinkling love, and he's gone to the war.—Chorus.
The soft tuning lark its notes shall cease to mourning,
The dull screaming owl shall cease its night's sleep;
While seeking lone walks in the shades of the evening,
If my Connor return not, I'll ne'er cease to weep.—Chorus.
The war is all over, and my love is not returning,
I fear that some envious plot has been laid;
Or some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left me to mourn here, a dear Irish maid.

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Farewell to the dear land I leave far behind,
Farewell to my father, although he be blind;
Shall I ever forget him, while my heart beats with joy?
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy.
When I came to this country I had brogues on my feet
And corduroy breeches, although I looked neat;
Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy.
There is one they'll remember and never forget,
'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette,
Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,
For he dearly loved freedom and Washington's name.
I'll send for my parents, and they will come here,
To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear;
For I know they will bless me, while their hearts beat with joy,
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy.
There's the land of my kindred I'll never forget,
For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;
Would to God it were now, for 'twould give me great joy
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

It was one fine morning for soft recreation,
I heard a fair damsel making a sad moan;
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
Saying my Blackbird most royal has flown.
My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it grieves me,
And I am o'erburdened with sad misery;
But if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,
My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.

But, oh, that false fortune has proved so uncertain,
That came the parting between you and me;
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
When he was the most noble and generous of heart;
But woe to the time when he arrives there,
Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.

In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
In England he seems but a stranger to me;
But if he remain in France or in Spain,
All blessings on my Blackbird wherever he be.

But if by the fowler my Blackbird is taken,
Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,
I hope I will see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest they all flock together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove;
So I'm resolved, in fair or foul weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.

Oh, he is my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
He's justly beloved, though my heart follow thee;
How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
Deserving of blessing wherever he be.

It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;
For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
More than from one that in Britain was born.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

With a deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And then grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
While thy bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Toiling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine.
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproariously,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter,
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tow'r and kloak O,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an emblem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand
On the pleasant waters of the river Lee.

NO IRISH WANTED HERE.

Oh, I'm an Irish laborer, I'm hardy, stout and strong,
And idleness I never loved, to my race it don't belong;
I've still the strength and will to toil, for the wants of life are dear,
But told, where'er I ask for work, no Irish wanted here.

CHORUS.

You might think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
To me it is a blessing to be called an Irishman;
For I may live to see the day, 'twill come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives place to sense and you'll welcome Irish here.
When your country was in danger a few short years ago,
You were not so particular about who would fight the foe;
When men were needed for the ranks to preserve rights so dear,
Among the bravest of the brave it was, Irish wanted here.—Chorus.
For generous hearts and charity you may search the world around;
Poor Paddy's hospitality, sure, its like was never found;
He'd give the clothes from his back, his blood for friends so dear;
But prejudice and envy vile says, no Irish wanted here.—Chorus.
Oh, let your heart be kind and just, and help Paddy from the wall,
For God in heaven made the world, with lots of room for all;
Let's stretch our hands across the sea, that green old jale so dear,
And give the Irish girls and boys glad welcome over here.—Chorus.

The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, as if that soul was fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of Tara swells,
The chord alone that breaks at night its tale of ruin tells;
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes, the only thro' she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom from that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
It was not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

DUBLIN BAY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

They sailed away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neil and his fair young bride.
He had ventured all in that bounding ark
That danced o'er the silvery tide;
But his heart was young and his spirit light,
And he dashed the tear away,
As he watched the shore recede from sight
Of his own sweet Dublin bay.

Three days they sailed, and a storm arose
And the lightning swept the deep,
And the thunder crash broke the short repose
Of the weary sea boy's sleep.
Roy Neil he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kissed her tears away;
"Oh, love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some stood in their mute despair;
And some, more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She has struck on a rock!" the seamen cried,
In the breath of their wild dismay;
And the ship went down and the fair young bride
That sailed from Dublin bay.

BONNY IRISH BOY.

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His name I love to mention, in Ireland he was born;
I loved him very dearly, but alas! from me he's gone;
He's gone to America, he promised to send for me,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

It was in Londonderry, that city of note and fame,
Where first my bonny Irish lad a-courting to me came;
He told me pleasant stories and said his bride I'd be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

I engaged my passage for New York, and, on arriving there,
To seek and find my Irish boy I quickly did prepare;
I searched New York and Providence and Boston all in vain,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy was nowhere to be seen.

I went to Philadelphia, and from there to Baltimore,
I searched the state of Maryland, I searched it o'er and o'er;
I prayed that I might find him, wherever he might be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I could no longer see.

One night, as I lay in my bed, I dreamt I was his bride,
And sitting on the Blue Bell Hill, and he sat by my side,
A-gathering primroses, like the happy days of yore—
I awoke quite broken-hearted in the city of Baltimore.

Early then next morning a knock came to my door—
I heard his voice, I knew it was the lad I did adore;
I hurried up to let him in, I never felt such joy
As when I fell into the arms of my darling Irish boy.

Now that we are married, he never shall go to sea;
He knows I love him dearly, and I'm sure that he loves me.
My first sweet son is called for him, my heart's delight and joy;
He's the picture of his father, he's a darling Irish boy.

Farewell to Londonderry, I ne'er shall see you more;
Ah, many a pleasant night we spent around the sweet Lone Moor;
Our pockets were light, our hearts were good, we longed to be free,
And talked about a happy home and the land of liberty.

GARDEN WHERE THE PRATIES GROW.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Have you ever been in love, boys, did you ever feel the pain?
I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again;
Though the girl I love is beautiful, I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

CHORUS.

She was just the sort of creature that nature did intend
To walk about this wide world without a Grecian bend,
Nor did she wear a chignon—I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was singing an old Irish song called Gra gal, Machree;
Oh, says I, what a wife she'd make for an Irish boy like me.
I was on important business, but I did not like to go
To leave the girl or the garden where the praties grow.—Chorus.

Says I: "My lovely fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me;"
But she wasn't like the city girls that'd say you're making free;
She answered right modestly, and enlisted very low,
Saying: "You're welcomed to the garden where the praties grow."—Chorus.

Says I: "My lovely darling, I'm tired of single life,
And, if you have no objection, I'll make you my dear wife."
Says she: "I'll ask my parents, and to-morrow I'll let you know,
If you meet me in the garden where the praties grow."—Chorus.

Now her parents they consented, we're blessed with children three,
Two girls like their mammy, and a boy the image of me;
I'll train up the children in the way they should go,
But I'll ne'er forget the garden where the praties grow.—Chorus.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Come back to Erin, mayounneen, mayounneen,
Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, mayounneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure, when we left you to beautiful England
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the starshine
Over the mountains, the bluffs, and the brues.

CHORUS.

Come back to Erin, mayounneen, mayounneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth;
Come back to Erin, mayounneen, mayounneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, mayounneen, mayounneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away;
Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
Just like a May flower afloat on the bay.
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Like a gray curtain, the ruin falling down;
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away where my colleen had flown.—Chorus.

Oh, may the angels, oh, waking and sleeping,
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away;
And it's my prayer will console to their keeping
Care of my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee;
Craving to know if my darling remembers,
Or if her thoughts may be crossing to me.—Chorus.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids
They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free;
Of all the towns of Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame;
Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
Like a diaph of fresh strawberries smothered in craime.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
Which through my bosom has burnt a large hole;
Her mind, like the river, is mild, clear and pure,
But her heart is more hard than is marble, I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town and shies where it stands,
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms;
If I was at Kilkenny I should then be at home,
For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground,
Neither lords, dukes, nor equires shall ever pull it down;
And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
I am an Irish exte, and from Kilkenny I came.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts the power they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such a scene some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been, and you'll remember me.
When coldness or deceit shall slight the beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light that beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask, 'twill break your own to see;
In such a moment I but ask that you'll remember me.

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Oh, listen to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the straths of his old withered hands;
But remember those fingers they once could move sharper
In raising the merry strains of his dear native land.
It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw;
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.
How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Though four score and three years have flew by them;
It's kins sweet reflection that every young joy,
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
But a fair or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
And trip through a dance with my bogies tied with straw;
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.
In truth, I have wandered this wide world over,
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me;
And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free.
And when sergeant death in his cold arms doth embrace,
And lulls me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh,
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

BARNEY, THE LAD FROM KILDARE.

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How cruel it was for my parents to send me
Away o'er the dark rolling waves of the sea;
They thought that a trip o'er the ocean would lend me
A great helping hand in this world wide and free.
I'm here, out of work, and without a real penny,
I'd carry the hod if they'd give me half a far;
But, sure, they don't want me, they say there's too many,
So pity poor Barney, the lad from Kildare.

CHORUS.

Talk of this country and all of its glory,
When you're away it appears mighty fair;
Then when you try it you'll find it a story,
For such is the case of the lad from Kildare.
It's there in old Erin I left my allanna,
A-weeping for me just because I'd to go;
And now to get back to her, tell me how can I,
For surely it's one of those things I don't know.
It's no use to write to the old folks for money,
They never would send it, for sure they don't care;
I don't play the part on our farm of a "honey,"
So pity poor Barney, the lad from Kildare.—Chorus.
I'd work my way back in a ship if they'd let me,
But fate seems against me, like death, cold and grim;
For a man I was talking to said, he would bet me
I never would get back, unless I could swim.
It's awful hard luck that a fellow must suffer,
Who tries to be honest and act on the square;
I'll have to turn out, be a gambler or duffer,
So look out for Barney, the lad from Kildare.—Chorus.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

In the papers have you read, have you noticed what they said?
No Irish people need apply to earn their daily bread;
But I'll plainly show you what our Irishmen can do,
In honesty I'll show you what they really ought to do.
On this you may rely, you will find out by-and-by,
That the sons of Erin's sunny isle are welcome to apply.
On the plains of Waterloo, when bullets like hailstones flew,
There was the Duke of Wellington, bad luck to him—what did he do?
He hate poor Boumparie, though he wore an Irish heart;
He won his wreath of laurels, though the Irish won their part.
Fang-a-balligh! they did cry, we will conquer or we'll die!
Proud England, mind your Irishmen, you'll need them by-and-by.
Just note the Irish girl as she is skipping to the well,
With blossoms blooming on her cheek like roses in the dell;
She is so bright and fair, with her jet black eyes and hair—
Show me your English lady who a brighter name can bear.
Then rise them as you should, for 'tis fit we all do good;
Oh, never crush an Irishman, but raise him as you should.

KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The bark from the light wing the bright dew is shakling;
Kathleen, mavourneen, what slumbering still?
Ah, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years and it may be forever;
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen?
Kathleen, mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
Arise, in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.
It may be for years, etc.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF KILDARE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Beautiful girl of Kildare, I'm dreaming, sweet one, of thee:
Far o'er the sea we must part, it makes me sad, oh, it breaks my heart;
But be of good cheer, I will see thee again,
Where naught will disturb our hearts, cause us pain;
Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.
Beautiful girl of Kildare, oh, she is so sweet to me;
Her eyes are deep blue and her hair it is loving and flowing so free.
Oh, say, must we part in this wide world of pain?
Not long, for we'll soon see each other again;
Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.
She was lovely and fair as the rose in the summer,
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
Oh, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.
The cool shades of evening their mantle was spreading,
And Mary, all smiling and listening to me:
The moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding,
When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.
Though lovely and fair as the rose in the summer, etc.

I Left Ireland and Mother because We Were Poor.

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There's a dear spot in Ireland that I long to see,
It's my own native birthplace, and it's heaven to me;
Sure, my poor widowed mother lived there all alone
With my brothers and sisters, 'twas a bright happy home.
Sure, we hadn't much money, but my own mother dear
To me gave her blessing, bade my heart be good cheer;
Then the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
And I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

CHORUS.

Oh, my thoughts oft go back to that dear little spot,
To my brothers and sisters and little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother, I'll never see her more;
'Twas a shame, but I left her because we were poor.

I will never forget on that bright rosy morn,
When old Ireland I left, how my poor heart did mourn,
When my blessed old mother said: "Be of good cheer;
Good-bye, Michael, darling." "Farewell, mother, dear."
Then my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
And bade me "Do right," when I left Ireland;
Then I bade them good-bye at our cottage door,
And I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.—Chorus.
Since leaving old Ireland my poor mother's dead:
"God bless and protect him," were the last words she said;
And the ring that my father gave, she sent to me:
'Tis a far dearer prize than bright gems could ever be.
And my brothers and sisters, I wish they were here,
For I'm longing to see them, but they'll come, never fear;
I've a neat little cot on America's shore,
Where happy we'll live, yes, although we are poor.—Chorus.

AN IRISH FAIR DAY.

Copyright, 1884, by Benj. W. Hitchcock. Words by W. J. O'Leary. Music by M. J. Savage.

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My memory steals back to the land of my birth,
No matter where I may roam,
And I think of the merry old times we would have
On a fair day at home;
When the lads and lasses would tip off their glasses,
They'd smile and look pretty as the blossoms in May;
They'd sing and they'd dance to the sweet Irish music,
You only could hear on an Irish fair day.

CHORUS.

An Irish fair day, an Irish fair day, oh, give me an Irish fair day;
When the lads and the lasses would tip off their glasses,
And smile and be happy on an Irish fair day.

How often I've tripped o'er the meadows so green,
My darling colleen by my side,
And made the bright roses appear on her cheeks.
When I called her my beautiful bright.
With tips like the cherry, her laugh was so merry,
Her foot was as light as fairies at play;
How the old people watched us keep time to the pipers
In dancing the jig on an Irish fair day.—Chorus.
Oh, I love to remember those merry old days,
The days that shall come back no more,
When our hearts were as light as the birds in the air
That sang upon Erin's green shore.
With dancing and singing we kept the place ringing,
We'd kiss the fair lasses or fight in a fray;
But we parted as brother, there was no bad feeling
To mar the good times of an Irish fair day.—Chorus.

BARNEY, COME HOME.

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I have just got a letter from my dear old mother,
She wants her dear boy to come home;
But that I can't do, dear mother, for you,
I'm an exile, and here I must roam.
She says her heart's breaking, and no one to help her,
The cot you were born in is now all alone;
Your father is dead, so think of my trouble,
Barney, dear Barney, oh, will you come home?
Chorus.

Barney, come home, sure, it said in the letter;
I know that she's old, and I cannot forget her.
I'm an exile from Erin, in America I roam;
When Ireland is free, no other, your Barney'll come home.
This is the letter I got from my mother,
It's a year since I had one before,
And it makes my heart sad when I think of my dad,
For he's gone where I'll ne'er see him more.
A pardon she wants from the queen for to get me,
But I'll write her a letter to leave it alone,
For I'll wait till the sun shines on the cross stones of Ireland,
And, if you are living, your Barney will come home.—Chorus.

COLLEEN DHAS MACHREE.

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The shadows fall, and low the sun is sinking,
His last rays tinge with gold the waters blue,
And of you, Kate, alanna, I am thinking;
Tho' waves divide us, still I know you're true.
I'll not forget we parted, love, in sadness,
In tears I left you at your cabin door;
But now your letter fills my heart with gladness,
In ecstasy I read it o'er and o'er.
Chorus.

Tho' distant far, and waves between us divide,
By night and day I'll ever think of thee;
I will be true, whatever may betide,
My own sweet darling, colleen dhas machree.

Tho' years may pass before I'll be returning
To clasp you to my breast, love, as of old,
Yet I will come to thee with hopes high burning,
And claim my treasure, better far than gold.
And when my bark is proudly homeward dashing,
Oh, let your eyes my brilliant beacon be;
There keep the love-light brightly flashing,
My own sweet darling, colleen dhas machree.—Chorus.

THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK.

Copyright, 1889, by Frank Harding. Words and Music by James McGuire.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

When leaving dear old Ireland in the merry month of June
The birds were sweetly singing, and all nature seemed in tune;
An Irish girl accosted me, with a sad tear in her eye,
And, as she spoke these words to me, bitterly did cry:
"Kind sir, I ask a favor, oh, grant it to me, please—
'Tis not much that I ask of you, but 'twill set my heart at ease;
Take these to my brother Ned, who's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent by me.
Chorus.

"Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own darling sister, her blessing, too, she gave;
Take them to my brother, for I have no one other,
And these are the shamrocks from his dear old mother's grave.

"Tell him place he went away how bitter was our lot,
The landlord came one winter day and turned us from our cot;
Our troubles were so many, and our friends so very few,
And, brother, dear, our mother used to often sigh for you.
'Oh, darling son, come back!' she often used to say,
Alas! one day she sickened, and soon was laid away;
Her grave I've water'd with my tears, that's where the flowers grew.
And, brother, dear, they're all I've got, and them I'll send to you."—Chorus.

A Handful of Earth from Mother's Grave.

Copyright, 1883, by Willis Woodward & Co. Words and Music by Joseph Murphy.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

I must leave this dear old place where my childhood days were spent,
And the cottage, hidden 'mong the purple hills;
I must say good-bye to all that have made my life content,
How the thoughts with bitter tears my eyes it fill.
But before I go away, to return again no more,
Ere I wander in that land beyond the wave,
In the memory I'll take of the golden days of yore
Just a handful of earth from mother's grave.
Chorus.

Just a handful of earth from the land of my birth
For mem'ry's sweet sake I will save,
From the lowly green mound, in the grim churchyard ground,
Just a handful of earth from mother's grave.
When I've crossed the deep blue sea and look back on Erin's shore,
As it slowly fades beyond the distance fair,
Tho' my thoughts and heart be sad, it will comfort me the more
That I bear this token of her love and care;
And, when trouble shall assail in the pathway of my life,
I will struggle on in silence and be brave;
For 'twill guide me safely through ev'ry worldly care and strife,
Just this handful of earth from mother's grave.—Chorus.

KILLARNEY.

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By Killarney's lakes and fells, em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells, mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands, beauty wanders everywhere;
Footprints leave on many strands, but her home is surely there;
Angels fold their wings and rest in that eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair Killarney.

Infallen's ruined shrine may suggest a passing sigh,
But man's fate can ne'er decline such God's wonders floating by;
Castle Lough and Glenna Bay, mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest,
Still at Mucroos you must pray, though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man there would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye with such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by verdure broiders or beprints;
Virgin there the green grass grows, every morn spring's natal day,
Bright-hued berries doff the snows, smiling winter's frown away.
Angels, often pausing there, doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair Killarney.

Music there for echo dwells, makes each sound a harmony,
Many-voiced the choros swell, till it faints in ecstasy
With the charming tints below, seems the heaven above to vie,
All the colors that we know tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair Killarney.

EXILE'S LAMENT.

Copyright, 1886, by Frank Harding. Words and Music by John F. Mitchell.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Beneath a far-off Australian sky an Irish exile lay,
The sand from out his glass of life was ebbing fast away;
The friends that stood around his bed his eyes could scarcely see,
His thoughts which soon would be at rest were far across the sea.
In spirit once again he stood upon his native sod,
Where, as a child and as a man, his foot had lightly trod;
In fancy he could feel upon his brow the mountain air,
And from his lips there issued forth the exile's prayer:
Chorus.

"Lay me on the hillside, with my face toward the West,
Toward that sacred island, the land that I love best;
Let a bunch of shamrocks green be planted o'er my grave,
My dying prayer is: God bless the island of the brave!"

Eviction foul and cruel sent him far across the foam
From that sweet spot which Irishmen, where'er they may be, call home,
The land whose halls have felt the tread of princes and of kings,
Whose harp once wooed the world is now a mass of broken strings.
They were forced to leave the land which gave their fathers birth,
As strangers and as outcasts to wander o'er the earth;
The time came back to him again when he was but a child,
With memories of sweet rambles through her wood and valleys wild.—Chorus.

Each eye was wet with briny tears, his words had touched the heart,
For they were exiles, too, and time had failed to heal their smart;
In every clime beneath the sky the Irish race are seen,
Yet still their every thought is fixed upon that life of green.
He calls his friends around him, for the end is drawing near,
And from his pale and haggard cheek they wiped away a tear;
Another victim of misrule has felt the hand of death;
"God bless you, Ireland," were the words which filled his dying breath.—Chorus.

O'DONNELL, THE AVENGER.

Tune—"Johnny Reel."

Come, all true sons of Erin's Isle, and listen unto me;
I'm sure, when you have heard my song, with me you will agree,
To condemn those English jurists, who, with faces grim and bold,
Do send poor innocent Irishmen to dungeons dark and cold.
Of the great crime in Phoenix Park, no doubt you all have heard;
At the trial of the prisoners you all know what occurred;
James Carey turned informer, and those precious lives he sold,
And sent them to their dreadful doom for a bit of English gold.

To escape a speedy vengeance, James Carey had to roam,
And with his ruined family he left his native home,
And thought to seek a-clusion in lands quite far away;
So he sailed on the *Melrose Castle* for the shores of Africa.
On the 29th day of July, as the ship was nearing the shore,
Some passengers near the fore-castle heard a terrible uproar;
They rushed toward the cabin, but, ere they reached the spot,
The base informer Carey had received a fatal shot.

Those noble lives had been avenged, the traitor now was dead;
The avenger, Pat O'Donnell, soon slept on a prison bed,
Cust there by English tyrants until his day of trial,
When he was tried, like Irishmen, in the unjust English style.
On the 30th of November for this murder he was tried;
When he saw Judge Denham on the bench, all hopes within him died;
His counsel, who were able men, to save him hard did try,
But the jury found him guilty, which meant that he must die.

On the 1st day of December he was sentenced to be hung;
Soon over the whole universe the doleful tidings rang;
In every cot in Erin's Isle great sorrow did prevail,
For the friends of Pat O'Donnell his misfortune did bewail.
The day of his execution was a terrible sight to see,
His comrades at the prison gate were weeping bitterly;
At the loathsome sight of the gallows he ne'er did cringe or cry,
As a martyr for his native land quite bravely did he die.

Although he's dead and laid at rest, all honored be his name,
Let no one look upon his act with contempt or disdain;
His impulse was but human, that no one will deny,
And I hope he'll be forgiven by the Infinite One on high.
If every son of Erin's Isle had such a heart as he,
Soon would they set their native land once more at liberty,
Unfurl their flag unto the breeze, their rights they would redeem,
If unity and friendship in their land did reign supreme.

MY DEAR OLD IRISH HOME.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for one Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

If ever you saw my dear old Irish home,
You'd say 'twas a pity from there I should roam;
There's a dear faithful mother, my sweetest joy,
As she fondles the children so happy and coy;
My father, so merry, our young hearts to cheer,
With a bit of a song would always draw near;
And we laughed till we cried, we had no grief to hide,
For happiness reigned by our old fireside.

Chorus.

'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home,
Dearest to me than palaces so grand;
'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home,
Over in old Ireland, 'tis my own native land.

When the bugle's loud blast called brave men to war,
When freedom's great banner was threatened with gore,
'Twas then you found Paddy, with knapsack and gun,
Bravely he fought in the battle of Bull Run.
Honor is due him in this land of the brave,
O'er his head let the stripes and stars ever wave;
For the brave sixty-ninth fought with never a groan,
Their names are in gold in my dear Irish home.—Chorus.

There is no costly carpets upon the floor,
But dear to my heart it will be evermore;
There's no pictures of kings or of queens on our wall,
But the faces of great men who answered death's call.
Washington and O'Connell hung side by side
With Lincoln and Emmet, who like true martyrs died;
You'll meet brave-hearted Irishmen where'er you may roam,
They come from old Ireland, my dear native home.—Chorus.

TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

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Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'm a true-hearted lad from the emerald isle,
The land where her sons ne'er knew fear;
My song is in praise of the heroes of old,
'Tis every true Irishman dear.
For centuries England has held us in fear,
And called us an ignorant race;
But the glory of Erin again will return
And fling back the lie in their face.

Chorus.

I'm a true-hearted son of old Erin, her emblems of green ever wearing,
And soon will her freedom be sharing beneath her bright banner of green.

There's a name that will live in all Irishmen's hearts
When kingdoms and crowns are forgot,
A name that the whole world honors to-day,
And one without blemish or blot.
The fetters that bound us he holds to the light,
Her tale of oppression to tell,
Behind such a leader with us in a fight,
Her own son, Charles Stewart Parrell.—Chorus.

OH, MOLLY GROGAN.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for one Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

There's a little Irish lass and she wears a gingham gown,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan;
And she's living wid her mum in a shanty 'way uptown,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan.
Her father is a laborer, digging hills away,
A-digging wid a shovel, digging every day;
Her brother is a gasman, working in the pipes,
Six feet in his stockings, oh, ye never saw the likes.
She's a pretty, rosy face with a dimple in her cheek,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan;
And she's helping of her mum, while she's working all the week,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan.
She's washing every morning overalls and socks
For Dan'l Connell Grogan, blowing up the rocks;
She's tending to the goslings, Larries and the Mikes,
Five feet in her stockings, oh, ye never saw the likes.
Oh, she walks the Boulevard with her father's dinner pail,
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan;
With a little bread and meat and a half a pint of ale—
An' it's hey, Molly, oh, Molly Grogan.
You'll see her at the clothes-line hanging up the duds,
Then out into the garden planting of the spuds,
With her lanky beau from Harlem, Nicodemus Sykes,
Eight feet in his stockings, oh, ye never saw the likes.

TERRANCE McMULLIN.

My name it is Terrance McMullin, I came from the sweet town of Trim;
Once I was stout, fat and hearty, but of late I've grown awfully thin.
My business is lamp-post inspector, a position I hold mighty well;
Every day as I go out inspecting there's a gang of young loafers will yell:

Chorus.

Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest, now, that's too thin, give us a rest;
Tra-la-lie, now over the creek, get on to McMullin, the Mick.
Now when I first came to your city they wanted to elect me for your mayor,
For my ways and my talk was so witty, and if I got there I'd act on the square;
But I'd rather be lamp-post inspecting, for that's what I know more about;
Make my friend Reilly the mayor, then that gang of young loafers won't shout:—
[Chorus.]

MOLLY FLYNN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I love the neatest gossoon that your two eyes ever saw,
But my mother says she will never become his mother-in-law;
She says that Johnny is a man who'll never make his mark,
So every night the poor boy comes to sing when it is dark:

Chorus.

Molly, Molly, my darlin', Molly Flynn,
Molly, Molly, get up and let me in;
Open wide the window and just pop out your head,
And tell me in a whisper, has your mother gone to bed?

In hall or rain, in frost or snow, my Johnny will be found,
It makes me cry to know that I can never ask him 'round;
I won't be treated like a child, with Johnny I will skip,
Then he won't have cause to say when on our wedding trip:—Chorus.

COLLEEN BAWN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for one Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

By the clear lakes of Killarney walked a youth one fine summer morn,
Who softly was whispering blarney to one whom he called Colleen Bawn;
He promised her jewels so rare, he promised her gold in galore,
And said that a maiden so fair deserved all she wished for and more.
Then beamed on the sweet face of Eily a smile like the first blush of dawn,
And she said, while glancing so slyly: You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn,
You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn.

He spoke of his family's pride, she told him at once to be gone,
And said: "Sir, unless as a bride, in vain you will seek Colleen Bawn;
The wild flowers that grow by the lake are jewels sufficient for me,
And all the gold from you I'd take, in a plain, simple ring it must be."
Then bright grew the sweet face of Eily, for he promised the very next morn
To speak to the priest, Father Riley, and marry his dear Colleen Bawn,
And marry his dear Colleen Bawn.

BERNARD REILLY.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for one Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Bernard Reilly, Bernard Reilly, days have passed so lonely
Since you left your cottage home to sail beyond the sea;
Every night and every morn I'm thinking of you only,
Won't you write a loving line to show you think of me?
In the meadow by the brook, 'neath the spreading tree,
Where we carved our names together, durlin', you and me;
There at twilight oft I wander, thinking of you fondly,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?

Chorus.

In the meadow by the brook, 'neath the spreading tree,
Where we carved our names together, durlin', you and me;
Bernard Reilly, Bernard Reilly, faith, I love but thee,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?

Bernard Reilly, don't forget the vows we pledged together,
Near that little village church beside the shady lane;
Well you know when last we met, to roam the brush and heather,
Then you asked me, Bernard, dear, if I would change my name.
Though you've sailed so far away over the ocean wide,
Yet I'll never forget my promise, that I'd be your bride;
Bernard Reilly, Bernard, durlin', stay those tears of sorrow,
Won't you write a loving line to little Kate McGee?—Chorus.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for one Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

'Tis a letter from Ireland from over the sea,
Sure I knew that they would not forget me;
I would have them beside me this minute, if I love
And the strength of my purse would but let me;
For 'tis hard to be parted from those we adore,
When we know that our heart's in their keeping;
And day-time and night-time we're wondering if
They're happy and laughing, or weeping.

Chorus.

'Tis a letter from Ireland, directed to me—
Will my heart sink with sorrow or bound up with glee?
There are tears in my eyes when the post-mark I see
On the letter that comes from old Ireland.

I have twined and turned it, and turned it again,
And my feelings were strange, but delightful;
Then I stole in a corner where no one could see,
And I found myself kissing the writing.
For the hand that inscribed it was often in mine,
In the long winter nights that are missing;
Sure I knew that a pair of sweet lips touched the stamp,
So you see I had reasons for kissing.—Chorus.

You are welcome to me as the sun after rain,
Every stroke of the pen brings a blessing;
Yet the letter unopened still lies in my hands,
And at what it contains I am guessing.
Is it love and bright hopes of the future it brings,
Or bears it a message of sorrow?
I'm living in happy uncertainty now,
So the letter may wait till to-morrow.—Chorus.

The Celebrated Speech of Robert Emmet.

LEADER OF THE IRISH INSURRECTION OF 1803.

On the 23d of June, 1803, a rebellion against the Government broke out in Dublin, in which Robert Emmet, at the time only twenty-three years of age, was a principal actor. It proved a failure, Emmet was arrested, having missed the opportunity to escape, it is said, by lingering to take leave of a daughter of Curran, the gifted orator, to whom he bore an attachment, which was reciprocated. On the 19th of September, 1803, Emmet was tried for high treason at the Sessions House, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, one of the chief judges of the King's Bench, and others; was found guilty, and executed the next day. Through his counsel, he had asked, at the trial, that the judgment of the Court might be postponed until the next morning. This request was not granted. The clerk of the Crown read the indictment, and announced the verdict found, in the usual form. He then concluded thus: "What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" Standing forward in the dock, in front of the Bench, Emmet made the following impromptu address, which we give entire, dividing it only into passages of a suitable length for declamation.

MR. LORDS:—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusations and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breasts of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untroubled by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur, but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obliquity; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which have corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice: the man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow; who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard—a government steeled by barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet—saying that the mean and wicked intentions which he felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishments of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate aid—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril and through all my purpose, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure and the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too justly suffered: and I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise.

Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man that does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor pretend to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen—if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words comfort him in the hour of affliction.

[Here he was again interrupted; Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of law: I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinion of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the boasted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner whom your policy, and not your justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed leniency of the scaffold—but worse to me than the proposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit; I am a man; you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what face is your justice; if I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhalloved policy inflicts upon my body, condemn my tongue to your silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and my motives from your aspersions; and as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish.

As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal,

and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motive—my country's oppressors, or—

[Here he was again interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community, of an undesired reproach thrown upon him during the trial by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question—the form also implies the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the Oracle, and I submit—but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wish to sell the independence of my country, and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition. O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune—by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of my country's oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment—and for it I now offer up my life. O, God! Not my lord, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yolk of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yolk of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the paricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious depravity; it was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth—I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority, inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it as if we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, unhilited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish, because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is profitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France, but I wished to prove to France, and to all the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor—disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience, who would preserve the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects—not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more impiacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor over much, you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Here he was again interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed in your unhalloved ministry, into one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but of my country, liberty and independence, or that I became the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—and I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions.]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your son.

fering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim; it circulates warmly and untroubled through the channels which God created for a nobler purpose, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient. I have but a few words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave, my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: It is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written. I have done.

One day, previous to Emmet's trial, as the Governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly, and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance, he apologized for the interruption. He had a fork fixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tree of hair. "You see," said he to the keeper, "how innocently I have been occupied; this little tree has been long dear to me, and I am planting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution." On the day of that fatal event there was found, sketched by his own hand, with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe and all the paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude do not the above traits of character exhibit. His fortitude, indeed, never forsook him; on the night previous to his death he slept as soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk, which he drank, wrote two letters, and then desired the sheriffs to be informed that he was ready. When they came to his room, he said he had two requests to make—one that his arms might be left as loose as possible, which was humanely acceded to. "I make the other," said he, "not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it—it is, that I may be permitted to die in my green uniform." This, of course, was not allowed him—and the request seemed to have no other object than to show that he gloried in the cause for which he had to suffer. Another incident worthy of note is this: As he was passing out of his cell, on his way to the gallows, he met the turnkey, who had become much attached to him. Being fettered, Emmet could not give his hand; so he kissed the poor fellow on the cheek, who, overcome by the mingled condescension and tenderness of the act, fell senseless at the feet of the youthful victim, and did not recover till the latter was no longer among the living.

"Whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die is where he dies for man."

IRELAND WILL YET BE FREE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Let tyrants exult and their mandates proclaim,
Their sceptres with iron hands away;
Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,
Nor drive hope of freedom away.
The yolk may be heavy and firm in its place,
The fetters secure all may be;
But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,
And Ireland ere long shall be free.
The day may be distant—perhaps it is near,
When freedom shall dawn on our land;
When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,
Her rights she will seek and demand;
Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more;
Her ships will skim over the sea;
The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,
And Ireland will truly be free.
Then toast our fair island, my countrymen all,
"Success to her struggle so nigh!"
Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,
And battle for freedom or die.
Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,
Let this our grand toast ever be:
"Confusion to tyrants wherever they reign!"
And Ireland shall ever be free.

IRELAND.

By James Hurley Driscoll. Tune—"America."

Land where the shamrock grows,
Land where the sunburst glows,

I live for thee;
Thy hills are ever fair,
Beauty is everywhere,
Thy sons will ever dare
To fight for thee.

Sarsfield and Emmet will
Live in our memory still,
Urging to do
What they have left undone,
What they so well begun,
Each patriot, sire and son
Will swear to do.

Who, when the hour is ripe,
Shrinks from his country's strife?
Coward his name;
Close to him friendship's door,
Mention him nevermore,
Brand him forevermore,
Eternal shame.

Then when fair liberty
Crowns thee, Isle of the sea,
Emmet shall be
Written in epitaph,
Tyrants shall cease to laugh,
And patriots a toast shall quaff
To liberty.

SWEET DREAMS OF ERIN.

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Sweet dreams of Erin where'er I roam,
Bring tender memories of my dear old home
Far o'er the waters, on the Shannon's shore,
E'en now I see it as in days of yore.
Last night, in dreams, again I returned
Back to the scenes, for which I have yearned
Ever since the day I bade sad farewell
To Erin and loved ones at home.

Sweet dreams of Erin where'er I roam,
Bring tender memories of my dear old home
Far o'er the waters, on the Shannon's shore,
E'en now I see it as in days of yore.

Of as I wander in my dreams
Amid the mountains and the streams,
I see the golden Shannon flow,
I hear it murmur soft and low.
It seems to sing a sad refrain
Of days that are no more;
Oh, would that I could call back
Those happy days of yore.

NORAH, ASTHORE.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Norah, asthore, far away o'er the ocean,
I sigh for the light of thy beautiful eyes;
Distance nor time ne'er will blight the devotion
That dwells in my heart for the colleen I prize.
Thy smile, that would welcome me, love, in the gloaming,
Still lightens my pathways as bright as of yore;
Thy sweet voice I hear, love, where'er I am roaming,
Calling me back to my Norah, asthore.

CHORUS.

Norah, asthore, ay, soon I'll be sailing
Home to you, darling, to part nevermore;
My soul longs to hear, love, thy sweet words of greeting,
Norah, allanna, Norah, asthore.

Norah, asthore, tho' 'tis years since we parted,
I know you'll be true to the promise you gave;
Your whisper that joy to my sorrows imparted,
Still speaks to my heart, love, from thee o'er the wave.
Ah, soon will the long days of waiting be over,
Ah, soon I'll return to the love I adore;
Bright will the skies seem beside you, mavouneen,
Norah, allanna, my Norah, asthore.—Chorus.

KATY RYAN.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

If you'll allow me, friends, I'll tell you all a story
About Katy Ryan, a little Irish girl;
When you meet her, oh, I tell you it's a glory,
She sets my heart in a whirl.
I asked her father for her hand, it seems he didn't understand—
To give her hand he said he must decline;
She's so charming and so fair, and there's none that can compare
With little Katy Ryan.
Oh, listen, ain't that music fine?—Break.
'They're serenading little Katy Ryan.—Break.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, she is so pretty, and her eyes like diamonds shine;
Now isn't that a pity I can't marry Katy Ryan?
If Katy had her choice whom she would marry,
And her rich old father wouldn't interfere,
I am sure the little darling would not tarry,
She promised to be here.
But what are we to do? oh, if her father only knew
How she loves me, then I am sure he'd not be trying
To break one another's heart, and to keep us far apart,
I am sure he'd give me little Katy Ryan.—Chorus.

WHEN IRELAND HAS AN ARMY AND A NAVY OF HER OWN.

There is a little island in the middle of the sea,
The land where shamrocks grow so green, 'tis very dear to me.
'Twas there my mother raised me on a Tipperary farm,
In peace and comfort, loving, wishing no one any harm.
Our happiness did not last long, cruel tyrants did us oppress,
'Till on Columbia's shore we had to seek a place of rest.
The day will come that we can crush these men with hearts of stone,
When Ireland has an army and a navy of her own.

CHORUS.

Oh, the good old times are sure to come again,
And the dark clouds o'er us will have flown;
We'll have peace and plenty when old Ireland has
An army and a navy of her own.

What's fair and honest in our cause is all our people claim;
Sure Scotland has its own laws, then why can't we have the same?
That England's queen should govern us, to that we are content—
What we demand in Ireland is our Irish Parliament.
The Englishmen they brag about their army, that's all right,
But it's Irish lads who constitute the regiments that fight;
For all the sorrow caused to us, these tyrants shall atone,
When Ireland has an army and a navy of her own.—Chorus.

PAT O'HARA.

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I am an Irish boy, and my heart is full of joy,
I owe my breath to famous Limerick city;
I can handle well the twig, or flitter an Irish jig,
Or give you a stave of a native ditty.
My heart is seldom sad, I like to make folks glad,
And the girls' eyes a-twinkling like a star, oh;
I'm always at my ease, for my friends I love to tease,
I'm the rattling, rowling, teasing Pat O'Hara.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! my Irish boys, that's fond of fun and noise,
There's not from Dublin down to Connemara,
Or from Limerick to Kildare, a boy that can compare
With rattling, rowling, teasing Pat O'Hara.

And on a pattern day my heart is light and gay,
I risk across the green and light and gay;
I am always up to fun, but was never known to run,
For that would be disgrace to my shillalah.
If a colleen, too, you see that's looking after me,
And faix, her name is Kitty McNamara;
With two eyes as black as sloes, that wherever I may go,
They are always chasing after Pat O'Hara.—Chorus.
I love the emerald sod where in childhood first I trod,
With its hills and valleys clothed in shamrock's green;
And its colleens sweet and fair, few with them can compare,
For their equal's mighty seldom to be seen, sure.
Though the times have changed this while in dear old Erin's isle,
And many have had to wander near and far, oh;
Arrah! just keep up your heart, you'll find that the better part,
'Tis the style that always pleases Pat O'Hara.—Chorus.

NELLY BRADY.

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There's a colleen fair, with nut-brown hair and laughing eyes of blue,
With a form sublime and a face divine, she's the image, Nell, of you;
None can compete with her smile so sweet, cheeks and lips of rosy hue,
Diana fair cannot compare with this colleen like you.

CHORUS.

Nelly Brady is the name of the lady,
The same as yours, 'tis true;
I'd not be surprised if you had surmised
That this colleen was you.

There's a boy I know that loves her so, and an honest heart has he;
He's an awful sight, sure he's worthless quite, well, bebad, he's just like me.
His coat is torn, but his heart's not worn, and no deed he dare not do
To bless the life of his little wife, if that little wife should resemble you.

CHORUS.

Con O'Grady, do you mind, young lady,
Is the name of the boy, do you see?
And if your name is Brady you'll change to O'Grady,
I think that same gossoon I'll be.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN.

Copyright, 1874, by John Church & Co. (Used by permission.) The Words and Music of this song can be procured from any music-dealer. Price 40 cents.

Words and Music by Thomas P. Westendorf.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen, across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek, I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad where'er you speak, and tears bedim your loving eyes.

CHORUS.

Oh, I will take you back, Kathleen, to where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear, your heart was ever fond and true;
I always feel when you are near that life holds nothing dear but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me I scarcely ever see them now,
Though many many times I see a dark'ning shadow on your brow.—Chorus.

To that dear home beyond the sea my Kathleen shall again return,
And when thy old friends welcome thee thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream, beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam, there all your grief will be forgot.—Chorus.

IRISH POTHEEN.

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Let the Frenchman drink his wine, the German drink his beer,
Let every man drink what he will;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."
There's a relish in its sip, how 'twill color up the lip,
Like a cherry fresh and rosy from a tree;
How 'twill warm up the heart, the chords of love 'twill start,
There is no drink like the sweet potheen for me.

CHORUS.

So come and fill your glass, let the toast of friendship pass,
Sing a song or dance with your colleen;
Should a friend I chance to meet, I never fail to treat
To that sparkling drink the Irish call "potheen."

Around the hearth at night, when hearts are free and light,
When those we love are to be seen,
You'll see each smiling face fill an ever welcome place,
And imbibing in the rare old sweet potheen.
Here and there a loving kiss, a-hubbling o'er with bliss,
And a story that would make you laugh, I ween;
Hand in hand you'll find us all, should you ever chance to call,
We will treat you to the rare old sweet potheen.—Chorus.

DOUGHERTY'S BOARDING HOUSE.

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I'm going to try and tell you, so listen unto me,
About a panic boarding house in Frog street, No. 3,
Kept by a man named Dougherty, an Irishman, of course—
A regular European-North-American boarding house.

CHORUS.

Cornelius Slaughtery, just from the battery, Timothy Regan, Mike McGlue,
Big foot Hennessey, Patsy Leary, all in one room, number two;
Jerry Rawley, the man from Galway; Pat McGlone, and a fellow called Mousse;
Cobblers, tailors, coopers, sailors, down at Dougherty's boarding house.

On week days we have liver, on Sundays we have mush,
And when the bell for dinner rings you ought to see them rush;
And the way they make the landlord stare as each one makes a grab,
And demolish everything they see, 'twould make your heart feel sad.—Chorus.
And when at night we go to bed and try and get some sleep,
Then in walks big O'Donnell with his No. 15 feet;
And bedbugs, too, they stick like glue, and promenade in gangs,
And bottle-tailed flies get on your eyes, and mosquitoes on your hand.—Chorus.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

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Now don't be alarmed, Nell, at seeing me here,
I'm a gent of the very first order;
You can see by my style I'm a gentleman, too,
And a son of the marquis' daughter.
My mother, God bless her, she doted on me,
Said of danger I ne'er was afraid;
I grew up to manhood, a commission I bought,
And I'm one of the Irish Brigade.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah! for the true sons of Erin,
A stout-hearted Paddy, who's never afraid;
I'm true to the core, and to death even daring,
We're true noble sons of the Irish Brigade.
To the roll of the drum we march boldly on
O'er the field midst the dead and the dying;
Though high in the breeze the rebel flag waves,
Our green banners, too, noble flying.
No conquest we ask, save the birthright we claim,
And the freedom which tyrants kept shady;
For this will we fight till our life-blood be spent,
In defense of the name of O'Grady.—Chorus.

MRS. HIGGINS' PARLOR FLOOR.

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Mrs. Higgins lives 'round these quarters,
In a house that was built by her son;
She has three elegant daughters,
In society considered hon-ton.
Every night in the week there's a party,
Such waltzing and dancing on lies;
I'm told by Miss Biddy McCarthy
That the entire neighborhood knows:

CHORUS.

Mary, Nell and Rose have on their Sunday clothes,
To entertain their lovers by the score;
Then the dancing will begin, with Tom, Jack and Jim,
They'll soon break down Miss Higgins' parlor floor.

Miss Mary she works at dressmaking,
Rosie clerks in a store on Broadway,
And Nellie's fine at roller skating,
She won the first prize here to-day;
Mary has her left eye on Tom Kelly,
Jack Nolan's in love with Miss Rose,
And Jimmie's the bright boy for Nellie,
With a beautiful wart on her nose.—Chorus.

THE POOR IRISH MINSTREL.

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I'm a poor Irish minstrel, I'm not blest with wealth,
But I've a fond heart, clear conscience and health;
I care not for storms, misfortune I brave,
The hand of the welcome is all that I crave.
A kiss from the loving, a word from the true,
A look or a smile, my darling, from you,
Would cheer the poor minstrel where'er he might roam,
With the image of all to his wandering home.

CHORUS.

I'm a poor Irish minstrel, and happily would play
Music, sweet music by night or by day;
I would sing thee sweet songs of my home far away,
Oh, angel of love, come list to my lay.

I'm proud of my country, that dear Isle so green,
The fairest of lassies and lads may be seen,
Where such men as Emmet, O'Connell and Moore
Have lived, sang and cherished that bright sunny shore.
The shamrock of Ireland and the lily of France
We love with a fondness that nothing but chance
Will pluck from our bosoms, kept warm and true,
With a spirit as gard'ner and heart's dripping dew.—Chorus.

REMEMBER, BOY, YOU'RE IRISH.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, how well do I remember when but a little boy,
Standing by my dear old mother's knee,
While the pearly tears of love, like dewdrops from above,
Would fill her eyes with joy and ecstasy;
And she'd take me in her arms and press me to her heart,
As only mother can do for her own,
While my flaxen hair she'd smooth, my boyish nerves to soothe,
She'd say to me, "My boy, where'er you roam—

CHORUS.

Remember, boy, you're Irish, born on Irish soil;
Your father was a Kenry, your mother was a Doyle;
Be an honor to your country, 'tis the land of heroes bold,
The land where the shamrock grows.

The fact that I am Irish I never will deny;
I love my native country, fresh and green;
Where the open-hearted laddie and pretty blue-eyed lass,
The wild flowers of her country, may be seen;
The singing of her birds and sighing of her winds,
That echoes sweet her prayers and melody;
Be it in a lowly hut, or palace rich and grand,
To beggar, lord or prince I'd proudly say:—*Chorus.*

Soon the dear old harp of Erin from slumber will awake,
Its echoes, sweet, will peal throughout the land,
To show that still she lives in every home and clime,
Like treasured gems of love both true and grand;
Like the warmth and dew of spring, which bring to life and strength
The flowers and blades from mother earth so dear;
So from silenced graves of woe tears of joy will flow,
And then from every heart and tongue you'll hear:—*Chorus.*

MAUREEN MAVOURNEEN.

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Maureen Mavourneen, now list to my calling,
As softly 'tis echoed from woodland and brake;
From the wings of the night are silently falling
The shadows that sleep on the breast of the lake.
Oh, see where the moonlight is kissing the hill,
And Venus is lighting her lamp in the sky;
Then come with me, Maureen, we'll wander at will,
And breathe the sweet perfume the night flowers sigh.

Oh, could we thus ever drink deep of the bliss
That flows from the fount of our young hearts' fond love,
Like a smile of yon heaven reflected in this.
Oh, who from Killarney could tempt us to rove?
As peaceful and calm as that lake that we see
Reposing to-night in its beauty serene;
Would the hours of a life that's centred in thee
Flow pure and unchanging, my Colleen Maureen.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

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As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, oh! Barney MacCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

PADDY'S LAND.

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Come, all ye boys of Paddy's land, who are inclined to roam,
To reap the English harvest so far away from home;
Be sure you're well provided with comrades bold and true,
For you have to fight both day and night 'gainst John Bull and his crew.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah, my boys, for Paddy's land, 'tis the land I do adore,
May heaven smile on every child that loves that shamrock shore.

When we left home for Dublin, the morning it being clear,
And when we got on board the boat, we gave three hearty cheers,
Saying: Good-by, my boys, to that dear old land, we ne'er may see it more,
For we're going to fight, both day and night, all for that shamrock shore.—*Cho.*

We sailed away from Dublin quay, and ne'er received a shock
Until we landed in New York, 'longside of the dock,
Where thousands of our countrymen they were all in that town, —*[Chorus.]*
And "Fagh-a-ballagh!" (clear the track) were the words that passed all around.

Then away we went, in merriment, to drink bourbon and wine;
Each lad he gave his favorite toast for the girl he left behind;
We sat and sang, made the ale-house ring, despising Erin's foes,
Or any man that hates the land where St. Patrick's shamrock grows.—*Chorus.*

GOOD-BYE, BIDDY DEAR.

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Here I am, an Irish boy, who is always fond of mirth,
And show me the creature who would slight me for my birth;
And I have a neat colleen, in Dublin, far behind—
I always was a broth of a boy, and my colleen she is blind.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Biddy dear, it's hard to part from you,
Although I am going to leave you, me heart it will prove true;
Then cheer up, mavourneen, and don't look so forlorn,
The harvest time is coming, and I'm off to shear the corn.

I wouldn't have left Ireland, but times were hard, you know—
To see the starving creatures, it would break the heart of stone;
I bundled up my kit, while Biddy wept and sigh'd,
And as the vessel left the dock, I stepped on board and cried:—*Chorus.*

WHY PADDY'S ALWAYS POOR.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Some people oft will wonder why Paddy's always poor,
Yet happy and contented in his mind;
He'll sing for you till morning, he'll serve you as a friend,
No truer friend in all this world you'll find.
His door is always open, his table always free,
When trouble comes he meets it with a smile;
You'll find him brave in battle, the first to face the foe,
He'll ne'er desert a comrade, nor disown his native isle.

CHORUS.

The Englishman is cautious, the Scotchman careful, too,
The Yankee he is honest, still knows just what to do;
Poor Paddy he is reckless, his money days are few,
For if he has a dollar, he will share it all with you.

I'll tell you why he's happy, and why his wants are few,
He never grieves for what is not his own;
His motives are not selfish, he'd rather give than take,
An open heart you'll find in Paddy's home.
Go where the turf is blazing, where lads and lassies dream,
Where thrush and blackbird warble night and day;
'Tis there you'll find poor Paddy, on Ireland's mossy green,
The greenest green that ever grew, where every mouth is May.—*Chorus.*

WIDOW MCGEE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Though old Erin's oppressed, 'tis a beautiful place,
'Tis the pride of my heart and will be till I die;
It was there I last looked on your blushing young face,
And got a sweet smile from your bountiful black eye.
When you told me "farewell," how my bosom did swell
With emotions of sorrow when crossing the sea;
And I never could part with the love of the heart
Which I brought over with me for Widow McGee.

CHORUS.

Arrah! Widow McGee,
Are you thinking of me?

If you are, write a letter from over the sea,
And tell me you'll marry me, Widow McGee.

Do you mind the black night, when the pigs in the lane
Came grunting along to the gate where we stood?
They all scampered in to keep out of the rain,
Then I asked you to have me, and you said that you would,
But I left you, you know, and I told you I'd go
To a country more beautiful, happy and free,
Where I'd buy me a lot, and build me a cot,
And send to old Erin for Widow McGee.—*Chorus.*

Troth, I have me the home with a big yard before,
And a cow in the stable, a pig in the sty;
And at night when I'm smoking my pipe in the door,
Och! the devil a king half so happy as I.
But what's a man's life when he's wanting a wife?
Faith! he's like an old ship with no rudder at sea;
So I'll leave on my rope with the anchor of hope,
And I'll wait till I'm married to Widow McGee.—*Chorus.*

WHISKY, YOU'RE THE DIVIL.

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Now, brave boys, we're on for marching off to Portgill and Spain,
Drums are beating, colors flying, devil a home we'll go again.

CHORUS.

Love, farewell,
With my rearrah arrah, with my rearrah arrah,
My rearrah a raddy,
Oh! there's whiskey in the jar:
Oh! whiskey, you're the devil, you've led me astray,
Over hills and over mountains and out of the way;
You're stronger, sweeter, decenter, and spunkier than tea—
Oh, whiskey, you're my darling, drunk or sober.

Says the mother do not wrong me, do not take my daughter from me,
For if you do I will torment you, and after death my ghost will haunt you.—*Ch.*

Now the drums are beating boldly, men are dying hot and coldly,
Give every man his flask of powder, and his firelock on his shoulder.—*Chorus.*

GIVE AN HONEST IRISH LAD A CHANCE.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

My name is McNamara, and I came from county Clare,
In that darling little isle across the sea,
Where the mountains and the hills, the lakes and rippling rills,
Are singing sweetest music all the day.
Our little farm was small, it would not support us all,
So one of us was forced away from home;
I bid them all good-bye, with a tear-drop in my eye,
And I sailed for Castle Garden all alone.

CHORUS.

I am an Irish lad, of work I'm not afraid;
If it's pleasure to you, I will sing or dance,
I'll do anything you say, if you'll only name the day
When they give an honest Irish lad a chance.

When I landed in New York I tried hard to get work,
And I traveled through the streets from day to day;
I went from place to place, with starvation in my face,
But every place they want no help they say.
And still I wandered on, a-hoping to find one
That would give a lad a chance to earn his bread;
But then it's the same, for I know I'm not to blame,
And oftentimes I wished that I was dead.—Chorus.
But I know I've one kind friend, who a helping hand will lend
To a poor boy, and to help him on at home;
I will bring my mother here and my little sister dear,
And never more again from them to roam.
I will try to do what's right, I will work both day and night,
Yes, I'll do the very best I can;
And God will bless the heart that will take the poor boy's part,
And make an honest Irish lad a man.—Chorus.

I OWE \$10 TO O'GRADY.

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The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

I lost my situation twelve months ago to-day,
The devil a stroke I've done from then till now;
They had me on half wages, I struck for better pay,
They fired me out before I raised a row.
A brand new suit I'd ordered from a tailor on our block,
I bought it on the new installment plan;
I paid him just five dollars, that left me owing ten—
Pat O'Grady was the little tailor man.

CHORUS.

I owe ten dollars to O'Grady,
You'd think he had a mortgage on my life;
He calls to see me early ev'ry morning,
At night he sends his wife.
He tried to have me pawn my girl's piano,
I think O'Grady has a dreadful gail;
Unless he wants to wait, I'll rub it off the state,
And devil a cent he'll ever get at all.

A week ago last Sunday I walked around the block,
To get a pint of German lager beer;
O'Grady stood there drinking a glass of rye and rock,
I thought at once he acted rather queer.
He said I was a blackguard, I said he was the same,
He struck me, then we rolled upon the floor;
I whipped him in five minutes, O'Grady wasn't game,
As he walked away I couldn't help but roar.—Chorus.

DAN MALONEY IS THE MAN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

Now here is my man, Dan-I-el, he comes from Donegal;
Just look at his chin whiskers—now don't he hate them all?
And if he meets an old-time friend he'll always fill the can,
And when ye seek for blooded stock, Dan Maloney is the man.

CHORUS.

Maloney's my man, now don't he look grand?
He is down here to-night wid his cronies;
At raffle or wake, sure he'll take the cake,
No man in the world is like Maloney.

Sure he is no day laborer, his debts he'll always pay;
He hires all his men himself at five dollars a day.
Now when the politicians they need a helping hand,
They send for Dan, for well they know Dan Maloney is the man.—Chorus.

I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've a neat little cabin that's built out of mud,
Not far from the county Kildare;
I've an acre or two where I grow my own spuds,
I've enough and a little to spare.
Sure I've not come over here seeking your jobs,
But a short little visit to pay;
So be aisy and free while you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I've a neat little colleen that dwells in my cot,
Oh, happy, contented is she;
I've a thumping big lad that will say to his dad,
There's a man you don't meet every day.
And when for my leisure I'm out for a walk,
The boys they all stop and they stare,
And they look to each other as I'm passing by,
There's a man you don't meet every day.

BALLINAMUCK BRIGADE.

Tune—"Emancipation Day."

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I'll never forget the day, my boys, we went out on parade,
Dressed up in uniform so gay, two soldiers for a day;
With the green flag flying o'er our heads, the color that never fades,
When we went up to the National Park in the Ballinamuck Brigade.

CHORUS.

We marched away so neat, with new shoes upon our feet,
Of the Hoolahan musketeers we're not afraid;
And we look so neat and grand, with our muskets in our hand,
While marching in the Ballinamuck Brigade.

The shooting commenced at the National Park in the afternoon at four;
Tim Hoolahan won a barrel of coal, and Murphy a barrel of flour;
Jim Casey won a new black hat, dressed out with a white cockade,
To turn out on St. Patrick's day in the Ballinamuck Brigade.—Chorus.

And when we got home at night, my boys, we dressed up for the ball;
We invited all the regiments, the Mulligan guards and all,
And during intermission, when we drank our lemonade,
We gave an exhibition drill in the Ballinamuck Brigade.—Chorus.

THE MAN WHO TAUGHT HER TO DANCE.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

I've got a daughter I talk to all day,
But the devil a word will she mind what I say;
In spite of advice she'll go far away,
Sometimes she cannot be found.
If I say stay at home, begorrah! she'll get mad,
She'll call me an old tail, say I've got them bad;
Inside of an oyster I ought to be clad,
To a nanny goat I ought to be bound.

CHORUS.

Ah, but if I catch the man that taught her to dance,
The la-de-da dance, the tra-le-la dance—
On the top of his nose I'll make my fist prance,
And twist off the both of his legs, ha, ha!—(Repeat.)

At night she'll put on her fol-de-lol-lols,
Then she'll skip off to her picnics and balls;
Then on the neighbors she'll make her grand calls,
Borrow all the clothes that she can.
For a bustle she'll wear my corderie pants,
My chin-chilly vest, or anything by chance;
But if I catch the ladle-buck that taught her to dance,
I'll twist off the both of his legs.—Chorus.

COME BACK TO YOUR IRISH HOME.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

There's a garden spot on earth, to me 'tis the sweetest place I've seen,
Where childhood's happy moments passed—I see it in my dreams;
But I left it and I came to roam, 'twas hard to say good-bye;
Ofttimes I fancy I can hear my poor old mother cry:

CHORUS.

Come back, come back, come back here to your Irish home!
Then come back, come back, come back, Kate, ooh hoo!

I've been away one year to-day, and my heart feels lonely yet,
Ofttimes they write and seem to fear that I will soon forget;
But I can't forget where'er I roam, no matter how I try,
And in my sleep I seem to hear my poor old mother cry.—Chorus.

JOHNNY DOUGHERTY, THE TAILOR.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

You've all heard of the solid men and men of great renown;
But if you'll listen for a while, I'm certain you will own
That I'm the most respected man in this great town, and why?
It is because when I walk out you will hear the people cry:

CHORUS.

I'm Mr. Johnny Dougherty, the tailor, a man of great renown;
And everybody knows that to make a suit of clothes
I'm the very best that you'll find in all this town.

I've heard them say a tailor is the ninth part of a man;
Let them get up and knock me into nine parts if they can.
Devil a one would ever dare to box me for a foe,
For I can box as well as etlich, as very well they know.—Chorus.

MY PRETTY IRISH QUEEN.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

How happy is the evening when the moon o'er the hill-tops peep,
And the dew is softly falling, to lull the flowers to sleep;
It is then mem'ry's stealing back to a happy scene,
Of one I never will forget is my pretty little Irish queen.

CHORUS.

Oh, my pretty little Irish queen, who ever happy seems,
With golden hair and eyes so fair, this pretty little Irish queen.
Oh, my pretty little Irish queen, the fairest ever seen:
It was hard to part from the darling of my heart, my pretty little Irish queen.

Her eyes are like the dew-drops that glitter on the rose so bright,
And teeth just like the lilies, which bloom so fair and white.
When the shades of night have fallen, her face then banishes my dream,
But there's a day when I'll return and claim my Irish queen.—Chorus.